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THE
NATION

JUNE 26, 1967 *35 cents*

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LETTERS

Mr. Spender and the CIA

London

DEAR SIRS: I hope it is not too late to answer various statements which have been made about *Encounter* and my connection, and that of Mr. Frank Kermode, with it, in *The Nation*.

In your editorial of May 29, you state that Mr. Spender "resigned because he had been kept in total darkness about the covert CIA connection." And Mr. Alexander Werth writes ["Literary Bay of Pigs," *The Nation*, June 5]:

> What is puzzling is all this lamblike innocence of the distinguished editors. . . . The rumor of CIA subsidies had been current for years, but nobody on *Encounter* except "Mel" Lasky, we are now told, knew *anything* about it, not even Stephen Spender, one of the co-editors who "soldiered on in ignorance," until the truth about the CIA subsidies (as *The Observer* put it) "began to break in the U.S.A. a year ago." After that Spender resigned, apparently with a great show of indignation.

I have never denied that I heard rumors about the CIA and *Encounter*. Mr. Werth cites as the sources of his information *The Observer* and *The Sunday Times*. He does not mention what he could have gathered from them, that because I had heard these rumors, three years ago, I went to Mr. Cecil King of the International Publishing Corporation in London and asked him to support *Encounter* so that we might free ourselves of support by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Mr. King generously agreed to do this, and Mr. Lasky entered warmly into the arrangements. However, Mr. Lasky omitted to mention that what were for me rumors were to him certainties, as he has now admitted.

A year ago, two years after *Encounter*'s being sponsored by Cecil King, *The New York Times* published its articles about the CIA in which it asserted that *Encounter* had received CIA funds by way of the Congress. I had understood that the particular source sponsoring *Encounter*, by way of the Congress, was the Farfield Foundation. Accordingly, I wrote to the president of that foundation, Mr. Julius Fleishmann, and I also made inquiries of its New York director. In both cases I received the most categorical denials that there was any truth in the rumors.

When just over a year ago Frank Kermode succeeded me as co-editor of *Encounter*, I thought I had a responsibility to tell him all I knew about the suspicions which had attached to the magazine's past. Since *Encounter*, at the time of his joining it, had for two years been sponsored by Mr. King's organization, Kermode took the view that he was not involved in any arrangements which may have existed two years before he joined. He made it clear, though, that if statements were made about *Encounter*'s previous backing which were subsequently discovered to be false, then he would resign. After this, *The New York Times* published the article I have mentioned about there being CIA aid for *Encounter* by way of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Irving Kristol, Melvin Lasky and I sent a letter to *The New York Times* claiming that editorially *Encounter* was completely independent, and expressing our confidence that no funds had come from the CIA. I signed this because I accepted the assurances of the directors of the Congress and of the Farfield Foundation. Similar statements were made to other publications, including *The Nation*. I am sorry that they should have been made, but if I had thought they were untrue I would have resigned there and then, as I indeed did as soon as I discovered them to be untrue.

Three months ago I learned from *Ramparts* that *Encounter* had in fact received money channeled from the

(Continued on page 821)

EDITORIALS

A New Deal for the Middle East

The one thing the great powers must avoid in th Middle East is what Marquis Childs calls "the ostrichisr of the past." Zoologists tell us that the ostrich does nc actually hide its head in the sand—but human beings dc Nowhere has willful blindness been more in evidenc than in the relations of the United States and the Sovic Union with Israel and its Arab neighbors. After th termination of the second Arab-Israeli war in 1956, w acquiesced in the fatuous notion that nothing muc needed to be done in that part of the world.

The tensions were obvious, but it was assumed that th flash point would never be reached. Things would tak care of themselves, somehow, as long as we could kee the oil flowing and the Soviets out. The refugees, c course, were a sore spot, but the UN was feeding them partly with American contributions. At least they wer not starving, and if they were miserable wasn't that th way things had always been in the desert? We assume there was no need, really, to induce the Arabs to ca off the war and acknowledge Israel's right to exist, muc less to open the Suez Canal to its shipping. We had mor important things to attend to in Southeast Asia.

As Philip Geyelin writes in the *Providence Sunday Jou nal* (June 11), the object of our affections in the Middl East was the *status quo*. In an area so full of explosiv tensions, the *status quo* was the last thing in which prudent nation would put its trust, but successive ac ministrations had no better ideas. All we can be sure o now, is that a lapse into the same passivity will hav even worse results the next time around. The fourt Arab-Israeli war, if it comes, will more likely than nc involve resort to nuclear weapons by both sides.

In one direction we did play an activist role: togethe with our Soviet rivals, we poured arms into the Midd East. The conventional picture of the Soviet Union arn ing the Arabs for aggression, while we armed Israel fc defense, is far off the mark. The Pentagon has reveale the figures. The U.S. supplied at least $350 million i military aid to ten of the Arab countries backing Egyp the principal recipients being Saudi Arabia and Jorda But this amount covers only the military-assistance prc gram. How many millions in U.S. arms were purchase by the Arabs through other channels is not disclosed. I short, although the Soviets were the major arms sup pliers to the Arabs, we were in the business up to ou ears. The end was foreseeable (but the end is not yet

Israel, according to reports through fiscal 1966, rc ceived U.S. military aid amounting to $27.6 million. has on order what the Pentagon describes as "mode amounts" of miscellaneous items such as missiles an recoilless rifles, but has not received twenty-four F fighter-bombers which we agreed to sell some months ag

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We gave little support to the United Nations, our practice being the same for the Middle East as elsewhere. When it suited our ends to use the UN, we did, but we saw no need to strengthen its hand. As the most powerful member nation we had a special responsibility, but we shrugged it off. Yet where the power is, there responsibility rests. The USSR and the United States are responsible for the third Arab-Israeli war, even more than the actual belligerents. Between them, these two nations could have backed the UN, could have averted the calamitous arms race. It is now a joint U.S.-Soviet responsibility to help bring peace to the area, to help relieve the tensions, to set the stage for understanding.

In this issue (p. 806) we carry a set of guidelines for U.S. policy by two experts, but to their comments we should like to add our own. We should stop meddling in the affairs of Arab states (we don't meddle in those of Israel) but inducements to reasonable behavior, in the form of aid programs through the UN, can and should be offered. There is need for some rectification of Israel's borders, but in general the commitment to maintain the territorial integrity of the nations involved should be met. This will be difficult for us to achieve as long as we are fighting in Vietnam, where our actions are grossly inconsistent with our pleas for peace in the Middle East. Before we can expect the Israelis and Arabs to abstain from force, we must show some inclination to refrain ourselves. It may not be what we will do; it is only what we *should* do, and what would best serve our interests, and those of mankind, in the long run.

There is such a thing as political timing. A time comes in political struggle when action can be taken, when new policies can be initiated, when the mistakes of the past can be remedied. Not to act at such a juncture is fatal. The opportunities do not come often, and when they recur, are likely to present themselves in a more intractable form. The only hope remaining in the Middle East is that the present chance will not be neglected, as others were in the past ten years. For once, Dean Rusk had a flash of insight—he said that everyone was the loser in this war, including the United States. If the Johnson Administration will act on this premise, it may enlist the cooperation of the Soviet Union, and eventually of the victors and the vanquished in the war in which all have been losers.

Will They Listen?

Some voices of eminent good sense are heard in the Senate urging a settlement of the two world crises: Vietnam and the Middle East. Senators Fulbright, Morton, Cooper, Mansfield, Mondale, Magnuson, Eugene McCarthy, Stephen Young are among those who have spoken out along these general lines. President Johnson is keeping his own counsel. He has given no indication of changing U.S. policy in Southeast Asia. He has stayed in the

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Publisher JAMES J. STORROW JR.

Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor PHIL KERBY

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-2533. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the *Public Affairs Information Service.*

THE NATION
Combined with FRONTIER

Volume 204
No. 26

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background in the Middle East situation and, when he finally held a press conference, told the reporters practically nothing of his plans. We can only hope that he is listening to the voices of sanity and thoroughly exploring the possibilities they suggest.

It sometimes happens, in the affairs of nations as of individuals, that one trouble coming on top of another makes both more manageable. Invention may be stimulated by the multiplication of difficulties and the realization that earlier measures have failed. Mr. Johnson must realize with increasing concern that in Vietnam we—he and all of us, including the military leaders—are in dire trouble. The bombing targets are nearly exhausted: we are practically dependent on the North Vietnamese to rebuild or repair facilities so that we may have something to attack. Increasingly, reporters return from Vietnam with intimations that the war may not be "winnable." The pacification program has come to a standstill. A new report assesses "force levels" with nothing but dark prospects—more men, more materiel will be needed, and results are doubtful no matter how much more blood is spilled.

The *Los Angeles Times* (June 4) comes out with a long editorial, "Reassessment in Vietnam," which begins with an orthodox avowal of faith: the *Times* supported the Vietnamese War to prevent a Communist take-over of South Vietnam, and believes the bombing of military targets in the North must continue "so long as there is a strategic need for it." Military pressure on the Communists in the South must be maintained, the *Times* adds. But the bulk of the editorial is devoted to warnings against further escalation. "There is danger," the writers say, "that U.S. power may be used in ways that will compromise or even destroy the American intention of keeping the war limited, that by accident, inadvertence or miscalculation a confrontation with the Soviet Union or Communist China will be made inevitable."

In short, we are in trouble, with force no longer offering any prospect of a way out. In the Middle East everybody is in trouble, but the Russians even more than the United States. Their role in support of the Arabs has been ludicrous. These firebrands evidently hoped that when it came to a showdown the Russians would come to their help with military tangibles; instead, Kosygin talked with Johnson by teletype and limited his support to verbal expostulations in the Security Council. These demonstrations will continue in the Assembly, but in the meantime Israel holds large swaths of Arab territory, which neither the Council nor the Assembly can make it relinquish. Militarily the Arab defeat has been ignominious, and the Soviet Union must share the Arabs' discomfiture. The United States and the Soviets may supply token replacements of arms in that region, but neither is likely to engage in a full-fledged arms race again. That much of a lesson has presumably been learned.

When Premier Eshkol speaks—and he is by no means the most defiant of the Israelis—whose example is h following if not that of the great powers? He says Isra will decide what is in Israel's national interest, just a big countries decide for themselves, letting no considera tions of morality or equity interfere. We are surely th last ones to be in a position to remonstrate with him. the Israelis fired the first shots after Nasser told the U to get out of Sinai, filled the desert with men and tank and blockaded Aqaba, who shall say they were the ag gressors? From a study of these two wars, one so brie the other with no end in sight, who shall define aggres sion?

How, then, can the United States provide effective lead ership in the long-term process of reconciliation and se tlement in the Middle East as long as the Vietnames War drags on?

If Mr. Johnson ponders on these facts, he can scarcel fail to see that the Middle East crisis offers his Ad ministration a kind of psychological cover for a settlemen in Vietnam. In somewhat the same way, the proceedings in the UN Assembly provide a cover for a Russian effo to reach an understanding with the United States for relaxation of tensions in both areas of conflict. Eithe side, if it wishes, can find insurmountable obstacles t agreement, but the dangers and frustrations that confro both may give both the vision that can lead to a peaceful solution.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: issues will be dated July 3, July 17, July 31, August 14 and August 28.

Two Rallies

Some 18,000 persons jammed the Hollywood Bowl a Rally for Israel on June 11 and heard Gov. Ronal Reagan, Sen. George Murphy and Mayor Sam Yorty a tack the Soviet Union as the sole instigator of the co flict. A thousand persons gathered the same weekend a Los Angeles hotel to hear and applaud an attack c U.S. intervention in Vietnam.

Without so much as a nod at the substantive issues the Middle East, Governor Reagan and Senator Murph tried to manipulate the pro-Israel rally into a cold-wa spectacular. "The men who died on both sides were i reality the victims of the cold war," Reagan said. "L us make sure," he continued, "that no place is made the bargaining table for the Russian bear." Senato Murphy, calling—at least by strong inference—for esca lation of the Vietnamese War, said Israel's quick militar success demonstrated what a "small but determined peo ple" can do without bothering about world opinion quibbling over words like "escalation" or "proliferation

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Mayor Yorty conceded a place at the conference table to the Soviet Union, but said the "Soviet Communists" must be blocked from winning in negotiations "what they instigated but were unable to win in battle." The Los Angeles Mayor was the only political speaker who attempted to deal with reality. He spoke of the need for a final settlement of the Arab refugee problem and said that Israel's "illogical, makeshift borders must be corrected."

It remained for actor Edward G. Robinson and other nonpolitical speakers to inject a somber note. Robinson observed that in Israel "they're not celebrating—they are burying the dead."

The rally was phenomenally successful. Pledges of financial support for Israel announced from the stage amounted to nearly $6 million, and it was predicted this figure will grow to possibly $10 million.

Among the participants at the Hollywood Bowl was actor and writer Carl Reiner, who the evening before was chairman of the principal session of the conference on Vietnam—arranged by The Assembly of Men and Women in the Arts Concerned with Vietnam.

The Assembly sponsors ruled out discussion of the Middle East as "divisive," and it plainly would have divided both speakers and audience. In contrast, there was total agreement against U.S. policy in Vietnam. The arguments were not new, but the tone was sharper. Dwight Macdonald and Alfred Kazin spoke of the brutalization of the American people. Macdonald said this country is committing genocide in Vietnam, not in the pattern of Hitler's Germany, but a " 'sorry about that' kind of genocide." Kazin said, "We drink beer as we watch the killing on television."

Prof. Hans Morgenthau said the war is an "Un-American war" because it is a "betrayal of the basic ideals of this nation." David Schoenbrun said the nation is fighting the war with "poor Negroes and whites." If the United States wanted out of Vietnam, Schoenbrun said, "a solution could be found tomorrow morning."

Too many liberals, according to Prof. Noam Chomsky, accept the assumptions on which the war is based. "With Arthur] Schlesinger and [Richard] Goodwin, the Kennedy liberals, the language of imperialism is somewhat muted, apparent only in the assumptions that guide their analysis and proposals."

In an oblique reference to the Middle East, Bronson Clark of the American Friends Service Committee said U.S. intervention in Vietnam prompted the Soviet Union to "play the same game." We can destroy Vietnam, but we cannot "win," Clark said, adding, "I have visited 'pacified' provinces where Americans live in forts behind barbed wire and only venture out in armed convoys." Russell Johnson, also of the AFSC, who has traveled widely in Southeast Asia, including North Vietnam, said, "The major violence in Asia is the violence of the *status quo*, a quiet violence that does not make the headlines, but which destroys human life and possibility as inexorably as does the assassin's knife."

As dissent escalates, the war escalates, but "intellectuals," said Professor Morgenthau, "must continue to perform their moral function. There must be people who speak truth to power."

That statement got the biggest applause at the conference.

Dodd Is Not Being Persecuted

Some things are very fitting about the Senate trial of Thomas Dodd—for instance, the people who are supporting him. Within the Senate, no ally is more appropriate than Russell Long, author of the thoroughly discredited campaign contribution plan whereby the Democratic National Committee can recover from the $4-million debt accumulated mysteriously in the 1964 election (the largest campaign debt in history) and gear up for another spending spree in 1968. There are a number of dubious overtones about the way the Democratic funds were raised in 1964 and about the manner in which the debt is being paid off. If Russell Long can defend shady actions by the DNC on the $4-million level, he would naturally see nothing wrong with Dodd's misspending a mere $116,000.

As for Dodd's allies outside the Senate, they also are just right, considering his hysterical right-wing anti-Communist record. The three best-known directors of the National Committee for Justice for Dodd are William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of *National Review*; Lev Dobriansky, a professional hard-liner and chairman of the National Captive Nations Committee; and Henry Salvatori of California, who bankrolls many right-wing movements and especially Gov. Ronald Reagan. Drew Pearson recently wrote that the man behind the National Committee for Justice for Dodd is Lewis Rosenstiel, chief executive officer of Schenley Distillers Corp. This would figure. Rosenstiel gave the money to establish the J. Edgar Hoover Memorial Foundation and a J. Edgar Hoover endowed chair at some university (not yet specified). Dodd, an ex-FBI man, and Hoover have been good friends over the years.

Also, Dodd is getting some propaganda aid from the Citizens Anti-Communist Committee of Connecticut, which has been placing newspaper ads in his behalf. Behind the support is a tale of piquant loyalty. President of the CACC is Edward J. McCallum (see "Connecticut's One-Man Posse," *The Nation,* June 3, 1961), who heads the Everready Supply Co. of Bridgeport. In 1948, he ran into trouble with the Internal Revenue Service and was sentenced to six months in a federal prison. Dodd was his attorney.

For the most part, however, the Senate trial of Dodd is a self-serving ritual intended to beguile the public into thinking that that august body is searching its soul when

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actually it is ducking for cover. In delivering the charge that the Senate must consider, John Stennis, chairman of the Ethics Committee, spelled out his surrender. The "sole basis" of the censure resolution, he said, "is the use of the money" Dodd collected ostensibly to pay off campaign debts. Thus he steered the Senate away from considering the much more serious charges of conflict of interest made by Dodd's former employees: that he had (*1*) threatened to investigate the movie industry but, after taking a political contribution from the Motion Picture Association, dropped the probe; (*2*) threatened to investigate the television industry, but dropped the matter after taking money from a major member of the industry; (*3*) taken money from insurance companies while supposedly investigating them; (*4*) taken money from the firearms industry, and thereafter cooled in his ardor to control interstate shipments of guns; (*5*) used an airplane belonging to McKesson & Robbins, the drug makers, while sitting on an antitrust subcommittee investigating the drug industry; (*6*) taken a gift from Westinghouse's lobbyist while sitting on a judiciary subcommittee probing price fixing in the electrical industry; (*7*) sought favors and jobs for a number of groups and individuals who had contributed to his seemingly bottomless need for money.

Stennis' Ethics Committee was aware of these matters before it began its laboriously inexact investigation into Dodd's career but it did not look into them, and in its April 27 report brushed them off in three vague sentences referring to "allegations which, if proven, might possibly constitute violations of existing law." With that, the subject was dropped. Two volumes of testimony an exhibits, totaling more than 1,000 pages, were printe by the committee, and in all that glacier of verbiage yo will find only one sentence indirectly alluding to th above charges.

And so the farce boiled down to the least importai of all the charges—whether or not Dodd, in his ow words, "flimflammed anybody at a testimonial dinner. Even if he were convicted, would the Senate trial sprea the guilt widely enough? There were seven testimoni occasions at which he raised money that he is accuse of spending not for political debts but for personal con forts. On four of those occasions Lyndon Johnso Dodd's good friend for thirty years, was the feature guest. Did he know what Dodd was up to? The Ethic Committee's report carefully states—twice—that Johr son was ignorant of the fact that any of the money woul be used for personal purposes. That is not enough. T clear himself of collusion, Johnson would have to sta that he was informed that the fund raising was specificall for political debts, and this he has not done. In an Apr 22, 1966, press conference Johnson stated, "I didn't kno that it was for personal, or political, or local campaig or national." Four times does seem a bit too often to b innocently ignorant. In any event, Johnson spoke a though it was a matter of small consequence to him wh the money was raised for. Considering his own exper ences in the fund-raising line, that is believable, but t the extent that he willingly contributed to the misunde standing, he is as guilty as Dodd. The Senate trial avoic all such questions.

THE MIDDLE EAST

GUIDELINES FOR POLICY

NADAV SAFRAN & STANLEY HOFFMANN

Mr. Safran and Mr. Hoffmann are both professors of government at Harvard University, the former specializing in Middle Eastern affairs and the latter in international relations. Their recent publications are as follows: Safran— The United States and Israel *and* Egypt in Search of Political Community *(both Harvard University Press); Hoffmann—* The State of War *(Praeger) and* Contemporary Theory in International Relations *(Prentice-Hall).*

Crises such as the present one in the Middle East are very dangerous moments for the international community generally and for the United States specifically, but they are also moments of great opportunity if they are wisely treated. After the Cuban missile crisis came the opportunity for the test-ban treaty and a *détente* in Europe. Positions that have been frozen may melt in the heat of war; assumptions that served as premises for rigid positions may be confirmed or denied by the test of reality. Consequently, notions which appeared totally unrealist only a week or two earlier become premises for soun action. The crucial aim is to allow vision and imaginatio to catch up with the changed realities.

The first notion to be assimilated in the present cor text is that the recent Israeli-Arab war *was not like* th war of 1956. This time all the Arab countries were in volved, the leading Arab country had taken the initiativ in altering the *status quo*, and had openly challenge Israel to an armed test. Israel, for its part, acted witho the help of outside powers, and at the risk of losing i political existence if its expectations of military succe had proved wrong. Consequently, what is involved now no mere violation of the armistice agreements, whic could be repaired and sanctioned by the restoration o the *status quo ante* as the UN chose to do it in 195 (under U.S. leadership and despite Israel's objection Israel's warnings about the dangers of such a restoratio —merely camouflaged by the fragile presence of UNE

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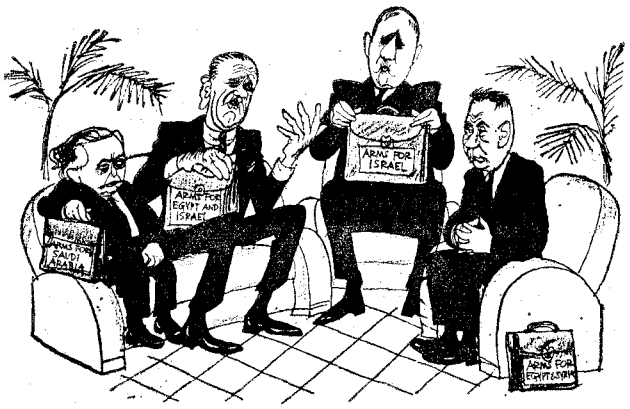
—have been vindicated). Whatever international lawyers may say juridically on this question, there is no doubt that the premises of the armistice agreements have entirely collapsed. A complete revision of the political relations in the area is required.

The most important change wrought by the war is the possibility it opens up, for the first time since 1949, for the conclusion of peace: real, formal, lasting peace treaties. There were two fundamental reasons why the Israeli-Arab conflict has been so intractable since the conclusion of the 1949 armistice agreements. One was that the Arab countries, with the exception of Jordan, had very little if anything to gain from peace, while Israel had very little it could concede to the Arabs to induce them to make peace. The Arab governments sensed they could avoid making peace both because, thanks to the machinery of the armistice agreements established by the UN, the formal continuation of a state of war did not expose the Arab states to the possibility of penalization through the resumption of hostilities (this has been throughout history a crucial factor in inducing the losers of a war to move on to peace), and because a formal state of war gave them the advantage of denying Israel some of the benefits of peace (such as diplomatic relations and free passage through the Suez Canal). Arab governments therefore found it convenient to sit back and dream of revenge.

The second reason was that Egypt, as the leading Arab country, exerted a heavy pressure to discourage other Arab countries from making peace. It is significant in this respect that the other Arab countries did not dare to sign even the armistice agreements until Egypt itself had signed.

The present war has affected the first reason fundamentally. Israel has made crucial war gains which it can concede back in exchange for peace, and the Arab countries have an incentive to give something in order to recover their losses. The United States can make this a key to an enduring settlement if we do not encourage any impression on the part of the Arabs that periodic defeats can be incurred on the battlefield because they will soon thereafter be erased on the diplomatic front.

And the present war has also drastically affected the second reason which has kept the Arab countries from accepting peace. Egypt has led its Arab associates into a war in which its own armed forces have been crushed and the other Arab countries have suffered grievous losses; any Egyptian claim to leadership has been shattered and Egypt's capacity to intimidate other Arab countries from reaching a settlement with Israel has been diminished. This is particularly true with regard to Jordan. Of course, President Nasser has shown in the past a capacity to convert military defeat into political victories; but he has succeeded heretofore *only with the help of outside powers*—like ourselves and the Russians in 1956—and only where the setback suffered was neither as total and unmitigated nor as obviously inflicted by tiny Israel as is the present one. If, therefore, we make it our conscious purpose not to do anything to help restore Nasser's Pan-Arab leadership and, on the contrary, do what we can to convey the facts of his defeat to his people and the other Arab peoples, the second fundamental obstacle to peace in the past will have been minimized.



Horner, New Statesman (London): Ben Roth

"Gentlemen, We Have To Figure Out a Way To Persuade Our Customers That the Stuff We Sell 'em Is Too Dangerous To Actually Use."

Another factor which must be considered in this connection is the attitude of the Russians. Until very recently, the implicit expectation of Nasser and of the Syrian Government that in a showdown with Israel the Russians would come decisively to the rescue, as they did in 1956, has encouraged them to think in terms of an eventual violent and "final solution" of the Israeli problem rather than of some kind of peaceful accommodation. The attitude which the Russians actually took in the recent war—stopping as it did short of action—must be reckoned as encouraging a fundamental settlement.

Indeed, the Russian attitude may well forecast a basic reorientation of Soviet Middle East policy which, if the United States helps, could be extremely useful in arriving at an enduring solution. In the four or five years following the first Soviet "breakthrough" in the Middle East by means of the 1955 arms deal with Egypt, the Soviets tried at each crisis occasion to achieve recognition as a member of the club of Middle Eastern powers, only to be repeatedly rebuffed by us. Accordingly, they went on to build their position in the area through intensive cooperation with Nasser's Egypt and with other willing Arab countries and succeeded so well that when we, early in the present crisis, finally invited them to join the club, *they* decided to hold back. Apparently they hoped that a triumph by Nasser would eliminate the West completely and leave Russia as the one big Middle Eastern power. The collapse of Nasser's position after the Russians had invested so much in building it up might lead the USSR back to the idea of asserting its influence on Middle Eastern affairs through the big powers' club rather than on its own. This does not mean that the Russians would abandon their involvement with Nasser, Syria, et al., since those associations would remain useful as a justification for their membership claim. But it does mean that they would be more interested in a stabilized situation. And it is consonant with the present course and long-term interests of U.S. policy to make the USSR a partner, as long as Soviet behavior contributes to moderating the international system.

It should not be lost sight of that the defeat of Nasser (and his allies) not only unfreezes the positions underly-

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ing the Israeli-Arab dispute and opens up prospects of a far-reaching reorientation of Russian policy but also makes likely the liquidation of the Yemen conflict and the easing of the problem of Aden and South Arabia. The materialization of these prospects, as of all the other opportunities, would depend decisively on our *not* doing anything that might permit Nasser to regain a position of Arab leadership.

Against this background it becomes possible to suggest what we, in the United States, should seek to accomplish by taking advantage of the new opportunities for settlement. As often at such moments, there are maximal and minimal objectives.

As a maximal objective, we should strive to achieve complete formal peace, including a solution to all the key problems of refugees, boundaries, transit of men and goods through waterways, on land and in the air. The means through which this might be achieved must be left to the professional diplomats; but two crucial observations should be kept in mind:

(*1*) *We must avoid at all costs putting the Arab countries together on one side of the table and Israel on the other.* This would be a sure formula for the reassertion of Nasser's Pan-Arab leadership and for encouraging intransigence. The example to follow is that of Ralph Bunche, who presided in 1949 over the conclusion of the armistice agreements, and who succeeded only by bringing the Israelis face to face with one Arab country at a time. Reinforcing this experience is the sad lesson of the Palestine Conciliation Commission which doomed its mission of peace to failure from the moment it got the Arab countries together as one collective side in the negotiations.

(*2*) We should not dump the problem of finding a settlement in the lap of the United Nations—General Assembly or Security Council. This would be a sure formula for disaster. The Israeli-Arab conflict is one of the most complex international problems. It calls for alert, patient, wise statesmanship, and not for UN resolutions. These are inspired by a motley of extrinsic considerations on the part of the voters (often totally ignorant of the elementary facts of the situation), and they can obtain the number of votes necessary for adoption only at the cost of either extreme vagueness or dangerous political compromises. The UN may be made to play an important role only as a subsidiary and support to the work of quiet and deliberate statesmanship. This must be provided by the big powers jointly and separately, in conjunction with the Middle Eastern countries concerned. A Locarno-type agreement might be a useful framework, permitting the formal association of the big powers with a peace settlement in the role of parties and guarantors.

The *minimal* objective should consist of some package such as the following:

(*1*) Joint and separate big powers formal guarantees of the territorial *status quo* before the crisis, rectified to reduce the most glaring threats to Israel's security, plus specific guarantees regarding free navigation in the Gulf of Aqaba and the Suez Canal.

(*2*) An arms rationing scheme for the Middle East to which would adhere all potential suppliers, restricting shipments to weapons needed for minimum internal security.

(*3*) The placement of all nuclear installations in the area under the control of an international atomic energy agency.

(*4*) A specific *formal* commitment by Egypt renouncing belligerent rights, with particular reference to the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba, and similar commitments on the parts of all other Arab countries with specific references to control of borders, infiltration into Israel, etc.

(*5*) The Gaza Strip to be put under Israeli military control, with an appropriate presence of and role for the United Nations.

(*6*) The big powers, jointly and separately, to launch a major program of economic and technical assistance to all Middle Eastern countries in order to encourage them to turn their attention to problems of development and welfare. This, together with the diversion of resources which have gone into the arms race since 1955, should open up hitherto undreamed-of prospects of real progress. It would be criminal to allow a return to a situation whereby Egypt, for example, spent $4 billion over a twelve-year period on defense and armaments while its people were starving and while its government had to go begging for a measly $60-million loan. The same applies *mutatis mutandis* to all the other countries of the area.

One final note on the tragic problem of the refugees. *As part of the maximal plan,* one might expect Israel to make a significant contribution by taking back a certain number of refugees and compensating the remainder. The other Arab countries and the world at large should also make a contribution by absorbing additional numbers. For the remainder, a program of rapid development supported by the United States and the world should provide opportunities to reconstruct their lives.

As part of the minimal program, the placing of the Gaza Strip under Israeli control should permit the launching of rehabilitation programs on a massive scale, should facilitate the movement of the refugees to places anywhere in the world where opportunities beckon, and should depoliticize and defuse the most embittered and miserable concentration of refugees. As for the refugees elsewhere, the measures envisaged in relation to the maximal scheme above would apply to them.

In conclusion, American steps in relation to the current crisis in the Middle East should be based on the following considerations:

¶ The basic U.S. interests and purposes in the area are to keep the peace; to assure secure transportation, communication and trade, and to keep any actual or potential enemy from controlling its resources.

¶ The foregoing basic purposes entail these operational objectives: (*1*) To terminate the nineteen-year-old Arab dream of the eventual destruction of Israel. (*2*) To prevent control of the Middle East by any single political leader or group actually or potentially hostile to the United States. (*3*) To contain Nasser, and oppose any political leaders who may arise of the type of Nasser, Ben Bella, Nkrumah, or Sukarno. (*4*) To prevent growth of Soviet power in the area while seeking to channel Soviet influence through a collective big-power concert.

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ONE CHEER FOR THE HIPPIES

JACK NEWFIELD
Mr. Newfield is an assistant editor of The Village Voice, *New York. He is the author of* A Prophetic Minority *(New Amsterdam Library).*

Politics is dead. Culture is dead. The world stinks.
—Emmett Grogan, founder of the Diggers

I am a Roman Senator, not a Digger.
—Paul Goodman

The hippies are happening. Ed Sanders of the Fugs is on a cover of *Life*. Tulsa, Okla., which went for Barry Goldwater by 30,000 votes, recently had its first love-in. Gray Line sight-seeing buses detour through Haight-Ashbury to display the local "freaks" to the Babbitts. Squares (not hippies) pay $4 to see the psychedelic Billy Graham—Dr. Timothy Leary—preach his "turn on, tune in, dropout" sermons. Hollywood has adopted the vibrating, "acid art" poster style of the Fillmore Auditorium, using it in ads to promote the big-budget James Bond film, *Casino Royale*. And the folk-rock group, Jefferson Airplane, has recorded a commercial for white Levi Jeanims—even as 460 of that company's employees strike in Blue Ridge, Ga., against the chronically exploitive conditions of Southern textile mills.

Individually, the hippies are beautiful. They know a lot of things the squares don't. They know that marijuana is mildly pleasant and doesn't give you lung cancer; that Bob Dylan, John Lennon and Leonard Cohen are authentic poetic voices for all those who have grown up absurd; that it is better to make love than war; that most things taught in college must be unlearned later in life; that it is healthier to be spontaneous, communal and tolerant than repressed, materialistic and bigoted; and that it is groovy to read Herman Hesse, Snoopy and Allen Ginsberg.

All this being eagerly granted, the point must now be made that the hippies have been overrated. Their ultimate vision is in no way superior to that of the New Left, of Mailer, Camus or Pynchon. The hippies will not change America because change means pain, and the hippie subculture is rooted in the pleasure principle. They have an intellectual flabbiness that permits them to equate an original talent like Kenneth Anger with a put-on like Andy Warhol. For this reason they are vulnerable to the kind of exploitation symbolized by the Jefferson Airplane commercial. They lack the energy, stability and private pain to serve as the "new proletariat" that some in the New Left perceive them to be. Bananas, incense and pointing love rays toward the Pentagon have nothing to do with redeeming and renovating America; Leary's call to "drop out" is really a call to cop out.

The whole hippie contagion seems to be a recoil from the idea of politics itself; it is not merely apolitical but anti-political. "Civil rights is a game for squares," one hippie told me. "Why should I demonstrate to get the spades all the things I'm rejecting?" And the *Berkeley Barb*, one of the best of the dozen underground weeklies, scorned the April 15 anti-war Mobilization for being "deadly serious, militant and political."

The hippies, in fact, have more in common with the nihilism of the 1950 beats, than with the activism of their generational comrades in the New Left. The beats opted out of a repressive, maternalistic society because they felt impotent to change it. Ike, McCarthyism, Korea, Madison Avenue, the cold war, the defeats of Stevenson, made politics appear impossible to the alienated young of the 1950s. Without hope, they sought escape by withdrawing into Eastern religions, sex, jazz, drugs and madness. It required foreign examples of effective student radicalism—in Korea, Japan, Cuba and Turkey, all in 1959—to inspire the young here.

The New Left took root in 1960 and 1961 because social change through political activism suddenly seemed possible with the election of John Kennedy. There were sit-ins, and lunch counters were desegregated. There were freedom rides, and bus terminals were desegregated. There were heroism and death in the Deep South, and a Civil Rights Act was drafted. There was a free-speech movement at Berkeley, and educational reform of the dehumanizing multiversity became a fashionable symposium topic. SDS organized around the ideal of participatory democracy, and the "maximum feasible participation of the poor" clause was written into the anti-poverty program. For a time there appeared to be in Washington a higher moral authority which would respond humanely to protest.

But just as the beats did not develop in a vacuum, neither have the hippies; their growth has been in direct correlation to the country's drift to the right since the Gulf of Tonkin "incident" and the Watts "rebellion." The young who once idolized JFK perceive his successor—correctly, I think—as an anti-democratic manipulator who has stultified the possibility of change through dissenting politics. Johnson has become a depressing Ike figure and Vietnam the monstrously swollen equivalent of the Korean police action. In 1963 Bob Dylan sang of changes "blowin' in the wind"; today he chants: "Although the masters make the rules/ for the wise men and the fools/ I've got nothin', Ma, to live up to." In 1962 more Harvard seniors wanted to volunteer for the Peace Corps than wanted to work for a large corporation; this is no longer the case. The Haight-Ashbury scene jumped into national prominence in the same month that the voters were sanctioning Reagan, Wallace and Maddox, and the Vietnamese War turned a corner into its present open-ended escalation. Suddenly, it seemed more possible to change private reality with LSD than America's reality with SDS.

My own quarrel with the hippie ethic can be summarized in five arguments.

The first is that I don't think it will be permanently impossible to alter America through radical political action. The hippies seem to side with Sade when he says: "And why should you care about the world outside? For me the only reality is imagination, the world inside my-

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self. The revolution no longer interests me." But the New Left is closer to Marat, who answers (in Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade*): "Against nature's silence I use action. . . . I don't watch unmoved; I intervene and say this and this are wrong, and I work to alter and improve them. The important thing is to pull yourself up by your own hair, to turn yourself inside out, and see the whole world with fresh eyes."

What the hippies forget is how unlikely social change seemed in 1957 and 1958. It took a new generation of kids, who had not read *On the Road*, to prove that America had not congealed into a static cage. Reform will become possible again, especially once the Vietnamese War ends. What the pleasure-oriented hippies can't accept is that political action is a painful, Sisyphean task that includes sacrifice, boredom and defeat.

My second point against the hippies is that precisely because they are *not a real threat to anything* they are used to goose a lifeless middle class, and are even widely imitated. Thus they create the illusion of influence when the jet set adopts their fashions, slang and music. But it is huckster America that profits by merchandising everything from "psychedelic salami" to "psychedelic earrings."

Third, the hippies think their vision of a drug-induced, homogenized love is an original panacea. One hippie even told me: "Man, I love everything. That fire hydrant, LBJ, Wallace, all them cats."

America is surely short on love, but the love the hippies invoke is so generalized and impersonal as to be meaningless. And as an observer I don't detect any greater love content in relations within the hippie subculture; they are just as exploitive and ego-centered and neurotic as the rest of us.

Fourth, the philosophical rationale the hippies cite for dropping out is that life is essentially absurd anyway, and since it has no meaning, it is pointless to try to change events. It is better, they say, again echoing Sade, to savor all possible personal experience instead.

Evidence certainly mounts to support an absurdist interpretation of recent history, beginning with the assassination in Dallas, through the CIA's secret life, up to Byron de la Beckwith now running for lieutenant governor of Mississippi. Yet both Sartre and Camus accepted —and then transcended—absurdity, and were able to embrace an even deeper engagement and commitment. Sartre and Camus did not "turn on and drop out" when the Nazis marched across France; they both joined the underground.

Finally, there is the dilemna of LSD. I have read several research papers and find much of the evidence is contradictory. Clearly, LSD has been useful, in a therapeutic sense, in treating problems like homosexuality, impotence and alcoholism. But LSD has also caused plenty of mental damage, recurring hallucinations, freak-outs and visits to hospital emergency wards by teeny-boppers who think they are giraffes. And, in general, the effect of acid on activists is to make them fugitives from the system, instead of insurgents against the system. Acid-heads tend to withdraw from politics (as Dr. Leary recommends), pursue private or politically unrealistic goals, and become disruptive if they remain inside activist organizations. They lack the patience and stability for the drudgery of organizing and scholarship.

The alternative to the hippies remains the New Left, which contrary to some reports, seems still to be growing. The spring semester indicated how deep the roots of student discontent have penetrated, with major campus rebellions at Long Island University, Texas, Drew University, Catholic University, Howard, Jackson State and Oklahoma. In May, card-carrying SDS members were freely elected student body presidents at Indiana and Northwestern. More than 350 students have signed an ad in the *Harvard Crimson* asserting that they will defy the draft. Vietnam Summer claims to have 2,000 organizers in the field.

Undeniably, the hippies represent an important break with the past and have considerable merit. Their musical innovations will, I suspect, ultimately prove as rich as the bop revolution forged by Bird, Dizzy and Monk in the 1940s. The diggers, who run the indigenous mission halls for their hippie brethren, are closer to St. Francis than to Cardinal Spellman.

But, finally, Dylan, pot and bright colors are the *hippies* liberation. The poor, the voteless, the manipulated, the spiritually undernourished—they are oppressed by injustice that is crystallized in institutions. Only a radical political movement can liberate *them*. I want to save the squares too.

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THE YANKS AND THE GOOKS

The Deserters

MIKE WALLACE
Mr. Wallace is a C.B.S. News correspondent, recently returned from two months in Vietnam.

During 1966, according to candid statistics released by the Americans in Saigon, one in every five men wearing the uniform of the army of South Vietnam (ARVN) deserted his outfit. Variously tired of the endless war, eager to be at home with their families, disgruntled because theirs were profiting in safe civilian jobs in Saigon, fed up with corrupt officers or afraid of combat duty in the field, 116,000 Vietnamese soldiers put down their arms and went over the hill.

Though the rate had been building sharply through the three preceding years, desertions reached their peak in 1966. It seemed that as more Americans arrived to take over the brunt of the fighting, more Vietnamese soldiers decided they were content to let Americans do the job. In fact, just over a year ago, the desertion rate had accelerated to the point where only one in every four Vietnamese fighting battalions had enough men to operate in the field.

The American commanders were seriously worried, because they had two special chores in mind for the South Vietnamese army. First, they were counting on the ARVN to secure the Mekong Delta, that densely populated, difficult, rice-paddy country which for so long had been fertile ground for Vietcong recruitment. Second, the Americans planned to have the ARVN take over the protection of the Revolutionary Development or Pacification program throughout the country. They were to be charged with setting up a military shield behind which the villagers in territory ostensibly under government control could plant their crops, clear their roads, build their schools and slowly put together a nation, secure from interference or terror by the Vietcong. It was an emergency, and the American command, concerned also that news of the Vietnamese desertion rate would be circulated at home at the same time that American casualty rates began to rise, succeeded in impressing on their Vietnamese counterparts the need for urgent remedies.

First came a tough new anti-desertion law. Prior to its passage, the Vietnamese deserter had been liable, by American standards, to little more than a slap on the wrist. The Vietnamese Code of Military Justice said that a wartime deserter could be punished by a prison term of from six months to six years, with the possibility of military confinement for those who deserted to a foreign country. And even this law was loosely enforced and the sentences handed down tended to be light.

The new law, made effective at the end of last year and now being enforced by the Vietnamese with unaccustomed vigor, makes a peculiarly pragmatic point. It says, among other things, that desertion "must be eliminated . . . to prevent the waste of national funds through training of personnel who subsequently desert. . . ." It decrees death for a soldier who abandons his unit to join the enemy, hard labor for life for one who deserts in the face of the enemy, five years of hard labor for the man who deserts while not in combat.

But the most important provision of the law deals with the conditions under which the deserter shall serve his term. He is no longer confined to prison. Instead, he is assigned to hard labor with a combat or combat support unit. As a result, he finds himself, when captured and convicted, back in the line of fire, doing the most menial jobs; and sentenced to serve longer under those unappetizing conditions than had he simply waited out his tour of duty.

But the Americans understood the need for more than a tough anti-desertion law. At a time of urgent concern for the well-being of the American fighting man, the appalling conditions in which the Vietnamese enlisted man was forced to live prompted American commanders to make recommendations to the Vietnamese about improving the lot of their troops. Vietnamese military pay was minuscule, and living conditions for the soldier and his family were abominable. (Families live with the men in the base camps.) The headquarters of the Vietnamese Twenty-First Division at Vi Thanh in the Delta was typical, with garbage strewn about dependents' quarters, the most primitive sanitary facilities, inadequate schools, and mud virtually knee-deep everywhere during the rainy season. The Americans had a name for the Twenty-First's base camp: "Squalor Holler." Accordingly, the American command in Saigon urged upon their Vietnamese opposites higher pay, larger family allowances, more nearly habitable living quarters, improved mail and PX services, promotions and decorations for enlisted men who had demonstrated courage and leadership. In short, they asked that the Vietnamese stop treating their rank and file like combat animals.

The concept was revolutionary to the Vietnamese military mind; but Gen. Cao Van Vien, the South Vietnamese Chief of Staff, working with an American Assistant Chief of Staff, Brig. Gen. Donald McGovern, decided to give it a try. Today, the Vietnamese private with a wife and three children, who must buy all the food he and his family eat, receives the equivalent of forty-three American dollars a month. It's 25 per cent more than he used to make. Today, a radical change is under way at "Squalor Holler" and in numerous other base camps. A genuine effort is being made to replace the dirt floor shacks with tin-roofed, cement-floored hooches. Cigarettes and soft drinks are becoming available at reduced prices at the still primitive commissaries. Mail service has been speeded up, television masts are rising on the parade grounds, social service workers have begun to offer advice and help to the soldiers' wives. The schools are getting better. And little by little, the Vietnamese soldier is beginning warily to respond.

But, generally speaking, he is still no patriot. He feels no kinship, no sense of involvement in the concerns of

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Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth

"Now That's More Like a Demilitarized Zone."

the Saigon government. Col. John Walker, senior American adviser to the Vietnamese Fifth Division, north of Saigon, explains the difficulty:

> The soldier has been promised many things but they have not always been delivered. So he remains skeptical.
>
> Our people in the United States are raised from childhood to look on a deserter as a low form of criminal. This is just not true in Vietnam. Over the years the soldier has been exploited so he doesn't have the same feeling about desertion that Americans do. The Vietnamese just doesn't consider it bad.

The Vietnamese Fifth Division, which Colonel Walker advises, had one of the worst records for desertion of any in the country. It is stationed near Saigon; the bus that runs past its front gate every thirty minutes costs just 15c for a trip to the Saigon back-alley labyrinths in which a deserter can go underground. But in the Fifth, as in other divisions up and down the country, the tide has begun to turn.

One measure of progress came during the crucial Tet season, over January and February. Tet is an amalgam of our Fourth of July and New Year's holidays, a time when the Vietnamese likes to go home to his village and his family. Frequently, the soldier who goes home on leave during Tet decides to stay there. Last year, during Tet, there were more than 23,000 desertions. During Tet in 1967, the number was cut just about in half. And since Tet of this year desertions have continued at only half of last year's rate.

Cheered by those statistics, the Americans prepared a press release and suggested to the Vietnamese that they circulate it. Either from a sensitivity on the whole subject of desertions, or from fear that the downward trend will not continue, or possibly because desertions have increased in the Revolutionary Development teams, which are being hit with increasing and devastating frequency by the Vietcong—for whatever reason, the Vietnamese have not released the figures. Instead the Americans leaked them to reporters in Saigon. The South Vietnamese are in general reluctant to talk much about their troops, and perhaps it's understandable. Unfavorable comparisons can be made between their performance and that of the Vietcong and North Vietnamese. Those two armies, after all, are of the same stock, essentially the same background as the South Vietnamese. Yet they consistently fight with greater valor, demonstrate a tighter discipline both in their dealings with the civilian population and in battle. And the evident reason is that they are more strongly motivated; they feel a deeper sense of kinship with their top leaders, a deeper involvement in the cause for which they fight.

Perhaps the most crucial difference between the two opposing groups of Vietnamese fighting men is in the officer corps. With the Vietcong, a man achieves officer status by long and arduous performance in the field. Frequently he has come up through the ranks. There is little talk of nepotism and corruption in the Vietcong. But the South Vietnamese army is notorious as a haven for corrupt and frequently cowardly political hacks, officers with no taste for battle and little concern for the well-being of their troops.

This shoddy leadership is not overlooked by the men who do the fighting. It is reflected in the desertion rate which, though declining, remains a powerful indicator that the South Vietnamese army has little stomach for the jobs that have been assigned it. Some American commanders speak spiritedly—in public—of how their counterparts are developing the vital qualities of leadership, of how the Vietnamese troops are beginning to take hold and demonstrate valor and determination in battle. But privately, there are few Americans in Vietnam who feel real confidence in the capabilities of their allies. The desertion rate is coming down. But still, despite the tough new law, despite a raise in pay and markedly improved living conditions, most of all despite the fact that the battle reports indicate they're on the winning side, still a thousand Vietnamese soldiers every week are willing to take their chances and desert.

WHAM!

TED KOPPEL

Mr. Koppel has been on assignment for A.B.C. in Vietnam since the beginning of March.

Saigon

An Australian corporal walks into a snack bar near Vung Tau, South Vietnam. Marching up to the counter he makes his pleasure known: "Eh, Gook! Gimme a hamburger!" WHAM!

A pair of American civilians stand at a corner of the Tu Do Street in Saigon. It is approaching 11 P.M.; almost curfew time. Apparently they are looking for a taxi, but because they have been drinking rather heavily two or three of the midget Renault cabs slow down and then pass them by. The louder of the two civilians poises for the next taxi and then lets loose with a remarkably well aimed kick at the left-rear fender. WHAM!

WHAM is a caustic acronym coined in Vietnam to represent one of the favorite slogans of American leaders here. It stands for "Winning the Hearts and Minds" of the people. WHAM might also be less imaginatively but more realistically defined as the distance between the ideal objective and the attainable goal. The time is perhaps long overdue for us to give up the naive assumption that

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ıe bigot from Bayonne, the dropout from Dayton, the ood from Hattiesburg and the plain, uninterested ma- ıne from Montgomery have, in the long trip to Southeast ısia, been magically transformed into effective good-will mbassadors.

One of our Vietnamese crews—Doan Van Tung the ameraman, Nguyen Xuan De the soundman and I—ar- ved one evening in the marine camp at Khe Sanh. The attalion commander, a colonel, graciously offered to let s sleep in his command bunker. Only the night before, he Sanh had been rather heavily mortared and the olonel felt we would be safer underground. While Tung,)e and I go down into the bunker to drop our gear, the olonel tells a marine corporal to bring a couple of extra ots. The corporal and the cots arrive five minutes later. You meanta say I lugged these f-----g cots for these oddamn gooks?!!" WHAM!

The picture is not totally one-sided. I would estimate ıat the vast preponderance of Vietnamese don't like .mericans either; but somehow, whatever their motiva- on, they are a shade more successful in disguising their :elings.

It is a multifaceted dilemma. Reduced to its sim- lest terms, it is as though you were to blindfold a man nd then beat him insensible. When your victim regains onsciousness, he is surrounded by ten men. Only four f the men, you tell him, are his enemies—the other six ıust be cultivated as friends. Regrettably, you say, you on't know which men fall into which category, but "do our best."

For his part, the GI must live with the daily paradox ıat exposes him on the one hand to the ARVN, whom e average GI appraises with something less than unal- yed admiration, and on the other to the ARVN's cousin · father, brother or fellow villager, the Vietcong. The ore he condemns the merits of the ARVN as a soldier, e more the GI must ponder the undeniable tenacity and ghting ability of the Vietcong. They are cut from the me cloth, but seem to fight with disproportionate effec- veness. The American soldier's typical reaction is to ject all Vietnamese. They are all suspect. They are all ooks."

Then there is the dilemma of trying to unite Ameri- ns and Vietnamese in a common cause while keeping em at arm's length. The best interests of the South ietnamese economy and of Vietnamese-American rela- ons approach the irreconcilable. The flood of piasters at would be released were all American servicemen al- wed free access to the cities and towns of South Viet- ım would buckle the economy. The alternative is to nit contact between American and Vietnamese troops purely military relations, or to the brief orgy of an -country rest and recuperation period. Neither has oved conducive to a mutual blossoming of respect and lmiration.

Even when they are fighting a common enemy, the merican and the South Vietnamese soldier are fighting r different reasons. At best, the Vietnamese soldier is ghting because he loves South Vietnam and is firmly posed to a Communist take-over. At worst, he is fight- g because the Saigon government exercises a firmer control around his home and could potentially cause him more trouble than could the Vietcong. Most frequently he is fighting because of a little bit of both. The Ameri- can soldier, by and large, cares only rather vaguely about the threat of communism to South Vietnam. He is here, in effect, serving something that approaches jury duty; it is expected of him. He is prepared to serve his time and do his duty bravely; but he does it from obedience to his own country, not from any concern for Vietnam. Already, hundreds of seasoned professionals, American non-coms and officers with up to sixteen and eighteen years of service, are retiring after their Vietnamese tour, but before their twenty years are completed, rather than face returning for a second tour some two years hence. This is not lost on the Vietnamese. Few Americans are in Vietnam for "the duration" as they were in Europe dur- ing World War II. Most of them are in Vietnam for twelve or thirteen months. It's enough time for a man to do his duty, but not enough time to do the job.

The South Vietnamese are plagued on the one hand by the specter of an American pull-out that would leave them practically defenseless at the hands of the Communists, and on the other hand by the almost equally undesirable alternative of an American take-over. A few miles south of Da Nang I spoke recently with a small group of marines about to go out on an operation. One of them summed up the dilemma of American involve- ment neatly: "I told the mama-san who does our laundry, 'If you people don't shape up, we're gonna take this country away from you and make you all our slaves.' " He was joking, and the laundrywoman, so he says, knew it; but the joke is endemic to the problem. The frustra- tion of fighting in Vietnam makes many an American soldier, officer as well as enlisted man, toy with the idea of how it might be if only the United States could "take over." Even as things stand, the increasing prom- inence of the American fighting machine in Vietnam makes many a South Vietnamese uncomfortably review his country's shrinking sovereignty. It is all very well for American statesmen and generals to speak glowingly of how unlikely, indeed practically impossible it would be for the United States to sustain a military defeat in Viet- nam now. But the South Vietnamese have not forgotten the words of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson—each of whom said at one time that, in the final analysis, the war in Vietnam would have to be fought and won by the Vietnamese themselves. Seen from that perspective, each infusion of an additional 10,000 or 50,000 American soldiers bears witness to the fact that, if anything, the South Vietnamese are in less of a position to win this war on their own than they ever were. It represents a loss of face to the Vietnamese and a growing frustration to the Americans, who are finding it increasingly diffi- cult to wage a bitter war on tiptoes.

A popular *bon mot* that has been making the rounds in Vietnam for some time is attributed to an American general who said: "Grab 'em by the balls and their hearts and minds will follow." The converse, it should be pointed out, is probably also true; but it is practically impossible to do both at the same time, and that is the most baffling dilemma of Vietnam.

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Cleveland: Recipe for Violence

ROLDO S. BARTIMOLE and MURRAY GRUBER

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Cleveland

The United States is the only Western democracy in which economic and racial problems produce riots in major cities. Here, the array of urban problems that test the viability of the city and the patience of the ghetto can be found in most metropolitan communities, but Cleveland points up most clearly the inevitability of violent rebellion when peaceful change is aborted.

In April, 1966, the Civil Rights Commission ripped away Cleveland's carefully nurtured façade of social progress. Hearings gave the ghetto a chance to speak, and even it was shocked by the cumulative findings. However, there was little time to redress social and economic grievances before summer, and in July Hough erupted in five days of rioting that took four lives.

Now there has been more time, but it has brought few changes. Almost a year after the hearings, Civil Rights Commission Chairman John A. Hannah returned a sobering appraisal: "The list of accomplishments is very short, and the agenda of unfinished business is very long." Cleveland leaders insist gradual progress is being made, but the position of the Negro in reality is deteriorating:

¶ Between 1960-1965 the number of poverty families in every Negro planning area increased, and the median income slumped. In Hough, median income skidded from $4,732 to $3,966, and two other areas, with 60,000 Negroes, had median incomes lower than Hough's.

¶ Unemployment in March reached 15.6 per cent for Negroes in poverty areas, with 58 per cent of the young males jobless or earning below poverty level wages.

¶ Negro unemployment in general hovers around 9 per cent while the community rate is 2.3 per cent.

¶ The building trades remain impregnable, with only thirteen Negroes among 11,500 workers in the five major construction trades.

¶ Only forty-three Negroes were among the 1,350 apprentice trainees in federally sponsored programs last year.

¶ Some 38,000 Negroes get aid to dependent children payments, pegged far below poverty level (73c a day after rent) on a state formula set at 76 per cent of its own minimum standard.

These bread-and-butter issues generate intense pressures in the ghetto. Adding to the severity of economic problems, the city has failed miserably in urban renewal (all residential projects are in ghetto areas); Mayor Ralph S. Locher and influential business leaders are at loggerheads; the civil rights movement is a shambles; and there is little organization in the ghetto.

Cleveland is a recipe for violence. Already three white grocers have been murdered in the ghetto, and robberies are up 300 per cent. A white policeman, part of the department's tactical force, the "Green Berets," was killed by gunfire this month. Fire bombings are nightly occurrences, with white businesses, vacant houses and schools all prime targets. On one balmy April evening, more than fifty fires were set in the Central area, south of Hough. One school was completely destroyed; the replacement cost will be more than $1 million. Teen-agers on a rampage smashed windows in stores along a 20-block area in Hough. Between September and March, fifty-nine teachers have been assaulted in schools.

Traditional cleavages in the community are more bitter than ever. The Ku Klux Klan and the North American Alliance of White People plan summer programs. Whites fear that guerrilla warfare will spread to them and Negroes anticipate gangs of white toughs. Apartment dwellers —black and white—at the edge of Hough take turns keeping armed guard on rooftops; the cultural center of Cleveland, almost surrounded by the ghetto, has its own police force. Several suburbs recently passed anti-riot laws and have special riot-control equipment.

Even before the riots, Hough was a ravaged community. Streets were desolate with boarded-up businesses and abandoned buildings; garbage-filled yards were inescapable, and streets glittered from curb to curb with crushed glass. Little has changed except that burned-out buildings left by the riots intensify the wasteland appearance of the 2-square-mile area where live some 55,000 of Cleveland's 280,000 Negroes (one-third of the population). Hough has become the symbol of Negro hopelessness, but equally hellish are the other east-side areas which with it account for 99 per cent of the black population. The west side remains almost totally white.

An official of the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) described Cleveland as his department's Vietnam: "We'd like to get out but we don't know how." Cleveland had its progressive reform movement too early, at the turn of the century with Mayors Tom L. Johnson and Newton D. Baker. Since then it has depended upon caretaker mayors. Corruption-free government has been more important than planning and problem solving. The private sector—rampant elitism, a powerful welfare industry and well-financed community foundations—has been sanctified, and almost all problems are delegated to committees of private citizens.

Choked with problems, Cleveland's ostrich compulsion has given way to a billy-club mentality. Each warning spasm from the ghetto is met with "get tough" proclamations and repressive measures. More than 100 policemen were hired in May. In addition to the Green Berets, there are other parallels to Vietnam. A special police helicopter buzzes low every night over the ghetto, scanning the ground with a searchlight. The helicopter, armed with a Thompson submachine gun, was financed by private groups, including the Rotary Club and Group 66, a young businessmen's organization.

One minister predicts the imposition of "emergency apartheid" to seal off the ghetto this summer. "Those of

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s who have read *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*," aid the Rev. Charles Rawlings, director of the Council f Churches Metropolitan Division, "know well the early ationalizations advanced to the German people which repared them to accept the first excesses by govern- ient. . . . The thinking in some private circles in Cleve- nd is that should violence erupt in our ghetto again, e will seal it off, permitting no one to enter or leave."

The history of police-community relations and current ctivities gives plausibility to Rawlings' fears. Detective ergeant John Ungvary, head of the subversive activities quad, testified before Sen. James O. Eastland's Internal ecurity Subcommittee that "What we need is a law that ould let us charge them all [black nationalists] as con- pirators . . . before an overt act is committed. Wouldn't is be far better than to wait for an overt act?"

But the police are only willing functionaries; they de- ver what public officials want. Mayor Locher ordered olice to "fill the jails . . . put a stop to this rowdyism. his is no time for theorizing . . . but for bold action." ouncilmen were more blunt: "Shoot 'em dead," said one. And another: "If the police break skulls what will the reaction be? Let's find out." A third said: "The best way to leave these hoodlums is face down in the street." Ghetto militants warned: "Just let one of those cops start beating on a brother." Safety Director John McCormick, anticipating charges of police brutality, said, "I don't care." But Bertram E. Gardner, a Negro and director of the Community Relations Board, takes another tack. He tells Negro groups that "if you see the police using a little force, look up at the stars, look away."

When tensions rise in other cities, officials cautiously avoid provoking the ghetto. Not so in Cleveland. Although the "get tough" tactics are ostensibly aimed at a small number of troublemakers, statements of public officials are manifestly racist and all-inclusive. Law Director Bronis J. Klementowicz, second in command at city hall and a confidant of Mayor Locher, recently warned a state legislative committee that "if the Cleveland police department fails, crime will spill all over Cuyahoga County," hinting that Negroes would carry crime to the suburbs. He added a gratuitous slur on Negro family life,

Macpherson, Toronto Star

Long, Hot Summer

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claiming there were "10,000 women in Hough without husbands." This implied they are unwed mothers. There are, in fact, less than 10,000 husbandless females in Hough, including more than 4,000 single women and some 1,200 widows.

Later Locher branded Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., an "extremist" when the Negro leader came to Cleveland to preach nonviolence to youth in ghetto high schools. Locher refused to meet with King, as he has repeatedly rejected meetings with Cleveland Negroes.

City officials find a well-tooled instrument for suppression in the Cleveland police department. Testimony during the Civil Rights Commission hearings revealed that police often hold Negroes without charge; disregard state law on the right to make telephone calls by those arrested; make wide use of a "suspicious person" city ordinance to haul Negroes into the station. Then, before releasing persons held without charge, the police tell them to sign a "waiver," by which they forfeit the right to sue the city for unlawful arrest and detention. (One commissioner called the waiver a "fraud.") The suspicious person law was ruled unconstitutional by a municipal judge, but remains in use by the city's chief prosecutor, who avoids that particular judge.

In December, a team of experts described the police department as "defensive, isolated, parochial and mistrustful of the public it serves." The department views any community relations work as "yielding to radical and subversive elements in the community." It rejected a proffered $15,000 grant from the U. S. Department of Justice to plan a community-relations program, and to divert criticism from this obstinacy created its own community-relations division, naming as head a thirty-two-year veteran cop who has been State Fraternal Order of Police president for nineteen years!

Police also have a simple method of handling complaints against themselves. Complainants are told that the police officer charged will take a lie-detector test. If he fails, appropriate action will be taken. However, the complainant must also take a lie-detector test, and if he fails, must serve a six-month jail sentence and pay a $1,000 fine for filing a false complaint. That usually eliminates the complaint, a police official said.

Symbolizing police contempt, Police Chief Richard Wagner rode into Hough during the riots armed with his personal hunting rifle, which he used against snipers. When a woman, searching for her children, was killed by gunfire, Wagner remarked, "There was a similar occurrence in the Chicago riots. They sacrifice one person and blame it on police brutality."

Even with the problems and the police-state tactics, violence might be avoidable if some safety valve existed. But there is almost no communication between officials and the ghetto. (Gardner, in answer to a question about the police chief, told reporters this May 21, "I don't know Chief Wagner. I know what he looks like, but I don't know him.") Beaten down, seemingly without hope, the grass-roots people have not organized viable protests.

Militants are pushed to extreme positions by a Southern-type community response. After the Hough riots, a special grand jury, headed by Louis B. Seltzer, former editor of the Cleveland *Press* and an avid believer in his ability to prescribe what is best for Cleveland, linked several militants to the riots. The grand jury reported that the riots were ". . . organized, precipitated and exploited by a relatively small group of trained and disciplined professionals at this business." It went on to blame the Communist Party. The findings were refuted by the U.S. Justice Department, and even the FBI disagreed. Anyone who had read Seltzer's newspaper during the Civil Rights hearings would have known that Negroes didn't need Communists to convince them to rebel.

Unable to indict any of the militants, the police have used harassing tactics, slapping housing violations on store-front offices operated by them. Efforts by white groups to maintain lines of communication to the ghetto are stifled by police and community pressures, with constant rebukes from the newspapers.

Last year some officials of the Council of Churches attempted to keep open the JFK (Jomo Freedom Kenyatta) House, a youth center. JFK House was operated by Lewis G. Robinson, labeled an agitator by police and "a recurring figure" in the Hough riots by the grand jury. The council has been accused of engaging in a conspiracy with violent militants, an accusation Rev. Mr. Rawlings calls "unspeakable insanity." Privately both police and city officials insist the council is diverting funds to be used for violence. In business circles the council is regarded with paranoid suspicion. Earlier this year, its officials met in New York with Saul D. Alinsky to discuss a ghetto organizational drive this summer. Ralph M. Besse, chairman of the board of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company and chairman of the Inner-City Action Committee, a group of community elites formed after the Hough riots at Locher's request, said the ghetto "doesn't need an agitator." Another civic elite, John A. Reavis, lawyer-businessman and head of the Businessmen's Interracial Committee, formed after the school riots in 1964, said it would be a "tragedy" if Alinsky were to come. Reavis indicated that financial pressures would be brought on the council.

Recently Floyd McKissick, of CORE, met with Besse and other business leaders. He was startled by their inability to understand the need for ghetto organization. McKissick said privately that Cleveland was the first city he had visited where he could not find a few high-level business leaders who understood that the ghetto needed to develop its own economic and political strength.

As the war fever mounts, a three-way conflict has developed among business interests, city hall and the federal government. Business interests are feeling the pinch of the inept renewal program. Cleveland's credit rating has dropped from "Aa" to "A," already costing the city $70,000 in higher interest rates on improvement bonds. The main downtown shopping center has been in a decline that is reflected in some $4.4 million in tax reduction for the downtown core since January. The County Board of Tax Revision blamed the drop on the "complete deterioration" of the area. For two years prior to some recent activity, there were no acquisitions or disposition of land in the $16-million downtown Erie

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view project. Interest on Erieview bonds has exceeded limitations and is pyramiding at $50,000 a month. During the last eleven years the city has failed to complete a single urban renewal project; it is now stuck with more land under renewal projects than any other city in the nation. In the Hough area, part of the largest rehabilitation project in the country, only 15 per cent of the planned work has been completed after four years of construction.

By January the urban renewal bungling had forced HUD Secretary Robert C. Weaver to take the unprecedented action of denying new funds for Cleveland (six more projects were in planning stages). Weaver also turned down a request for $23 million more for Hough renewal and withdrew $10 million already committed for the second stage of downtown commercial renewal. He warned that if "substantial progress" was not made by July, HUD would cut off funds for the administration of projects which have been in execution since 1956. One of the jeopardized projects is Cleveland State University, a downtown complex which business sees as essential for revitalizing the area.

With business interests threatened, Besse offered to assist the city administration in urban renewal. But after a meeting with him a Locher aide reported to the Mayor, "All in all, I was not encouraged to believe that the portion of the business community represented by Mr. Besse would be willing to offer any real assistance except on its own terms." Again in March, Besse offered the assistance of the business community. The *quid pro quo* was the replacement of Locher's urban renewal director with Maj. Gen. Stanley Connelly, director of Besse's Inner-City Action Committee. Locher rejected the offer and Besse severed relations with the city administration.

In a bitter letter, Besse said: "The causes of the frustration of the mobilized effort of the community to assist you are identical with those which have frustrated the federal government. . . . These causes are to be found primarily in the inadequacies of executive personnel and almost complete lack of effective coordination. . . ."

Locher hit back, charging the business community with an attempt to take over city hall. With considerable truth, Locher declared: "I have not yet seen one real constructive action taken by the [Inner-City] committee. So far we have heard some cries from them and they have made some demands on us. Where's their action?" (Besse subsequently said if he had it to do over, he would exchange the word "Action" for "Coordinating.")

While Locher and Besse play politics, decent housing is a top priority for ghetto residents who also want to know where the action is. Last year they answered with fire bombs and called it "instant urban renewal." In March, a black nationalist, Fred (Ahmed) Evans, made national news when he predicted riots for May 9 to coincide with a partial eclipse of the sun. That date passed quietly enough, but the police can take no credit. With loaded shotguns, they burst into Ahmed's astrology store front in Hough, arresting him and others on "housing violations." That same night two police detectives visited the *Plain Dealer* editorial rooms, searching for N.B.C.-TV cameramen from New York City because they "know where the riot's going to start tonight."

All the elements for tragedy are now present in this city, self-proclaimed "The Best Location in the Nation." It may be too late for Cleveland, but there are lessons here for other cities that want to avoid disaster.

Bombs and Suburbs

When racial violence occurs in the city of Cleveland, no one is surprised. Jobs are scarce, housing is poor, and the Mayor and police department lost the confidence of the Negro community long ago. But it is a different story when racial violence occurs in Cleveland Heights, an established and prosperous suburb to the east of Cleveland. Cleveland Heights has none of the economic or the administrative problems of the city, and although its population is more than 60,000, it has only about eighty Negro families.

Yet in the past ten years six bombings, all traceable to racial discontent, have occurred in the northwest corner of this suburb. The target of the latest of these bombings was J. Newton Hill, the first Negro to head Karamu House, an interracial theatre and art center in Cleveland. [See "Art and Argot at Karamu" by Bennett Kremen, *The Nation*, September 19, 1966.] On May 14, a time bomb containing fifteen sticks of dynamite ripped the front of the Hill home, causing an estimated $3,000 in damage. Hill and his wife were asleep in an upstairs bedroom and were unhurt by the blast, but there is no telling when they will move back to their home.

There is no doubt how Mr. Hill's neighbors and many other residents in Cleveland Heights feel about the incident. Hill himself is confident that "it wasn't racial hatred in the neighborhood" that caused the bombing, and so are those who live near him. When he told them, "I am sorry to have caused this to happen," the only reply was that of a neighbor standing next to him, who said, "Please, sir, don't ever say anything like that again, please don't." Later that same morning, an estimated 500 persons met at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Cleveland Heights and pledged $4,234 as a reward for the arrest of the guilty party. In the gathering were the leaders of a number of religious and civic groups, including the Heights Citizens for Human Rights, a fair-housing organization.

Unfortunately, it seems improbable that Hill's neighbors or the Heights Citizens for Human Rights will be able to guarantee that future incidents do not occur. Yet steps could have been taken to reduce their likelihood. The City Council of Cleveland Heights could by now have passed a fair-housing ordinance and established a human relations commission with a professional staff. Such action, while not promising miracles, could have made it clear that an attack upon a Negro home in Cleveland Heights is an attack upon all homes.

Instead, the Council has rejected a proposal to take a more open stand on fair housing, and the only action from all the talk has been a library exhibit on Negro culture. That will scarcely interest the bombers, and it will certainly not intimidate them.

NICOLAUS C. MILLS

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NEW ENGLAND POWER

THE GASLIGHT INDUSTRY

WALLACE I. ROBERTS
Mr. Roberts is a reporter on the Providence Journal-Bulletin.

Since the gaslight era, power in New England has been controlled by the private companies, but recent developments initiated by public-power advocates suggest that the Yankee capitalists, who have administered the industry with an amazing lack of their traditional ingenuity, may be forced to change their ways. Except for a transmission system half owned by Vermont and providing about a quarter of the state's electric needs, there are no large publicly owned generating or transmission systems in the six states, so they have escaped until now the passionate, flag-waving defenses of free enterprise that have previously been exhibited in private vs. public power battles in nearly every other section of the country. The controversy in New England has taken the form of a series of complicated legal and financial maneuvers, a somewhat misleading public relations and advertising campaign, and intensive political lobbying. It has all been most decorous, but with the April announcement by the Justice Department that it is making preliminary investigations of possible antitrust violations by the private New England utilities, and with the threat of similar action by the Federal Power Commission, things may become less restrained.

Beginning two years ago with a request for money to finance engineering studies for a federal hydroelectric project on the St. John River near the town of Dickey in northern Maine, the conflict has grown and developed on several additional fronts. It promises not to be over for some time, given the determination and recent successes of the public-power groups and the distaste for change exhibited by most private company officials.

If there is no agreement about what kind of power projects to build, there is absolute agreement as to why they are necessary—New England's electric rates are the highest of any region in the country. There are many ways to compare the cost of electricity, and by any of them the New England states, except Vermont with its public power, are at the top of the list. Federal Power Commission figures for 1963 show that the average price per kilowatt-hour sold by the private utilities in New England was 2.48c compared to 1.77c for the private utilities of the country, a difference of 40 per cent. Similar comparison reveals that fewer kilowatt-hours per customer are sold in New England. Higher prices inhibit sales, and lower sales force the prices even higher because a smaller total revenue must be spread over the fixed charges.

Private company executives acknowledge the region's high rates, but their reply has become as automatic as an echo: "Yes, but our fuel and labor costs and taxes are so high." There is some substance to that explanation, though Joseph C. Swidler, former FPC chairman, said several years ago that if New England utilities had to pay only average fuel costs, the region's electric bills would be lowered by less than 5 per cent.

An equally substantive explanation, however, is the fact that administrative expenses range, depending on how they are measured, from 33 to 100 per cent above the national average, and, according to William D. Shipman, professor of economics at Bowdoin College, account for one-quarter to one-half of the difference between the average price for electricity in New England and in the rest of the country. Local taxes, which are one-third higher for New England utilities, are the only significant inequity that is apparently beyond much control.

The most important factor in rate reductions is increased per capita use. Because New England is an "old" region in demographic terms, neither its industry nor its population, and hence its per capita use of electricity, has kept pace with the rest of the country. A slow growth rate in per capita use is almost a built-in barrier to lowering prices, but reductions can be encouraged by cutting costs through efficiencies.

Compounding the high fuel costs, the coal or oil is burned in plants that for the most part are little old teakettles, barely able to get up enough steam to whistle, when compared to the giant and efficient boiler-turbine-generator combinations that have been available for years. The region does have one show piece, the Brayton Point, Mass., plant of the New England Power Co. It opened in 1964 and was rated by the FPC as the most efficient in the country, but for thirteen years before that New England had no entry on the commission's list of the top ten most efficient plants.

Mechanical inefficiency cannot be blamed on the region's age or geographical deficiencies; it is the result of administrative decisions. Two generations ago, Samuel Insull, the man who did for electricity what Henry Ford did for the automobile, showed the power industry that it was much more efficient to use large generating plants serving as many people as possible. No one believed him at first, and it might appear that many private company executives in New England still don't. On average, the public utilities companies of the country serve three times as many people as do the companies of New England, and there are more than one and a half times as many people for every generating plant. This means for New England more executives, more plants and lines to maintain, more secretaries, more maintenance workers, more pensions and insurance, and higher labor costs per customer. New Englanders are paying to perpetuate a quaint private industry organization that is not nearly as charming as a covered bridge and much more expensive.

Attempts at consolidation have been made, but the pace is slow. In some places in New England, covered bridges have rotted away before the public realized what was happening. It is unlikely, however, that any private utility in the region will collapse, for they are protected

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by the state regulatory agencies and an apathetic public. Almost all of the region's utilities make the maximum profit allowed by law, and a few are considerably above the prescribed limit. Blackstone Valley Electric Co. of Rhode Island earned in 1965 a return of 9.34 per cent, almost twice the limit.

Only Vermont's Public Service Board seems to take seriously its obligation to set reasonable rates. New Hampshire and Connecticut appear indifferent at best, and the regulatory agencies in Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island have exhibited what can only be called an affection for the private companies. The Maine and Massachusetts agencies have been hostile, almost insulting, to recent appearances by public-power groups.

Part of this situation results from the fact that none of the agencies has money or staff to do an adequate job. Most are so short of skilled help that they are forced to accept company operating statistics as a basis for determining rates. Unless the public demands it, the regulatory agencies are not likely to hire qualified accountants or engineers, and the prevailing public attitude is that the cost of electricity has formed a triumvirate with death and taxes. The result is that the regulatory agencies are permitting monopolies to earn good profits with equipment and organizational structures that would drive them to the wall if they were faced with even moderately aggressive competition. Allowing each utility exclusive control of its sales territory prevents wasteful duplication of plants and lines, but it also creates an attitude of *status quo* complacency. Creative regulatory policies could impose penalties for continued use of outmoded steam plants, instead of allowing them to be included in the rate base.

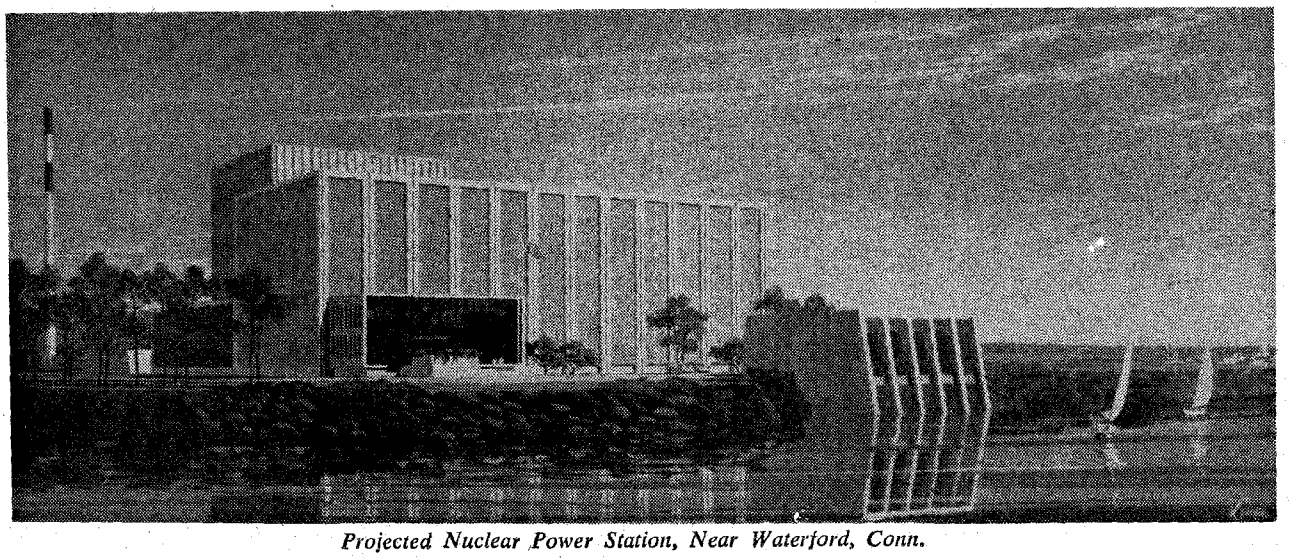
However, conventional steam plants have had their day in New England. After 1969, the region's power industry will most likely build only lower-cost nuclear plants. It already has an experimental nuclear plant, Yankee, at Rowe, Mass., and five others are either under construction or committed. These five are part of what the private companies have dubbed their "Big 11 Power Loop"; the other six installations consist of five conventional steam plants and a pumped storage plant. All eleven are scheduled to be finished by the end of 1972 and will be connected by 900 miles of 345-kilovolt transmission lines. The cost of the project is about $900 million, and the plants will provide about 6.3 million kilowatts of power.

The name "Big 11 Power Loop"—but not the plants or transmission lines—is a gimmick, pure and simple. No engineering plan or study supports the location, type or design of the plants on a system-wide basis. It all started with a full-page newspaper advertisement announcing the "Loop" and implying that the whole thing was thought out well in advance. The campaign, carried on with television commercials costing about $200,000 a year, was devised by the private companies' trade organization, the Electric Coordinating Council of New England (ECCNE), in response to the threat of the federal government's Dickey-Lincoln School hydroelectric project.

As one company official put it: "We felt the public should know about our plans because Dickey was getting a lot of publicity, but the important thing is that the eleven plants were planned long before Dickey came up. We did not just decide to build the plants after Dickey's first appropriation, as some of our opponents have said."

That first appropriation for the government project in 1965 was for $800,000; last year it received $1,100,000. This year, President Johnson asked for $1,600,000 to finish engineering studies and begin construction. The 794,000-kilowatt project is to cost an estimated $212 million and, if all goes well in Congress, will be finished in April, 1975.

The dam at Dickey is the practical reality left over from the dream of harnessing the tides in Passamaquoddy Bay at the eastern tip of Maine. [See "Reviving Passamaquoddy" by William S. Ellis, *The Nation*, July 13, 1964.] It was the request for its first appropriation that started the political and verbal six guns blazing. The members of the ECCNE opened an intensive lobbying campaign and sent their forces to Washington equipped with large packets of propaganda



Projected Nuclear Power Station, Near Waterford, Conn.

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purporting to show that Dickey was objectionable on just about any conceivable ground. They had some effect, especially on the New England delegation of twenty-four Representatives, twenty of whom voted against Dickey on one roll call. Congressional resistance to a large public-works project for the home region is unusual, and the New England vote raised speculation as to whether the area's Congressmen felt more obligated to the private utilities or to their constituents.

Dickey is not enormous; by 1980 it will provide only 1 per cent of the area's electrical requirements. But it will probably bring with it a Northeast Power Commission to market the power. It is expected that the cheaper power of Dickey, combined with the prodding effect of the power administration on state regulatory agencies, will be to force lower electrical rates. The members of the ECCNE fear, with justification, that Dickey will oblige them to cut administrative and generating expenses and become more efficient. The private companies put it a little differently, however, saying that Dickey will force them to lose money by trying to meet its prices. The federal government's experience, on the contrary, has been that its low-cost power stimulates consumption and increases revenues for surrounding private companies.

The ECCNE has introduced masses of statistics at Congressional hearings to prove that Dickey will not break even. Public-power advocates pointed out that the same kind of argument has been used against every federal power project in recent years. In an attempt to reconcile contradictory figures supplied by the ECCNE and the Corps of Engineers, the House Appropriations Committee assigned its staff to investigate the situation. Its report, made public June 5, offers no specific recommendations, but concludes that the project will produce power at a cost lower than any comparable alternative proposed by the ECCNE. The report also contained several biting observations on the long-range planning by New England's private utilities and noted that the companies "have not produced any document supporting central planning with the exception of the newspaper advertisement," and that "the most current transmission study by the ECCNE was completed in 1963" and includes plans for none of the Big 11 projects.

The fight over Dickey is overshadowing several other power conflicts that may have even greater effect on New England. One is a plan to import 1.25 million kilowatts, almost twice as much as Dickey would generate, from a giant hydroelectric project at Churchill (formerly Hamilton) Falls in Labrador.

This scheme was seen as a real threat by the private companies when it received the backing of Gov. Philip H. Hoff of Vermont, a bright young Democrat in the land of Republicans. In January, 1966, he introduced a bill in the Republican-controlled legislature which would have created a quasi-public, nonprofit corporation to import the Canadian power and resell most of it to municipal and cooperative utilities in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The bill was sidetracked to the legislative council which reported it unfavorably, thus killing the bill but not the idea. Even before the report was issued, a group of the state's municipal and cooperative managers got together and formed their own company to do just what the one outlined in Governor Hoff's bill would have done. Currently, that company is negotiating with both Canadian suppliers and prospective buyers in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

One group of prospective customers, the Municipal Electric Association of Massachusetts (MEAM), is also waging the private vs. public battle on several other fronts and with some success. Two years ago the MEAM was dormant; its thirty-nine members serving 239,000 customers were at the mercy of the private companies from which they were forced to buy power at rates imposed by the sellers.

Then Shrewsbury, Mass., won an FPC decision, later upheld by the U.S. Court of Appeals, forcing the New England Power Co., the area's largest wholesaler, to sell the town power at a wholesale rate, not at retail as before. Other towns followed up the victory and negotiated from NEPCO lower prices that saved $2 million. Since then the association has raised its dues, hired a first-class Washington lawyer and consultant engineers, and filed legal objections to every move made by the ECCNE.

The MEAM had tried earlier to join the ECCNE, but the private companies are apparently unwilling to let the municipals have a say in the development of the region's power industry. The application was never actually refused; the council simply voted not to change a rule it made in 1964 prohibiting municipals from joining. Reversing a cliché, the MEAM declared: "If you can't join 'em, lick 'em." It has appeared before state utility regulatory agencies in Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont, and before the FPC and Securities and Exchange Commission, challenging some of the engineering aspects of the Big 11 plants and transmission system, and hinting that it may raise antitrust objections to the fact that the ECCNE has "blacked out" the municipals from direct participation in the Big 11 nuclear plants.

Besides trying to join the ECCNE, the MEAM has tried to buy its way into two of the Big 11 nuclear plants, Maine Yankee and Vermont Yankee. These plants are being built by various combinations of the members of the ECCNE (a good but almost singular example of regionalization of the industry) and have about a dozen owner-utilities each. The MEAM wanted a piece of each of these plants because the electricity they generate will be sold directly only to owners, in proportion to the amount of stock owned.

The MEAM has not yet had a clear-cut victory on this issue, but it has been partly successful and indications are that it will have to be reckoned with. The Vermont Public Service Board has declared that municipals should be given a chance to purchase stock in Vermont Yankee, and because of the MEAM objections, the FPC has received a staff recommendation that it institute antitrust proceedings against the ECCNE if it does not permit the MEAM to participate in future planning. The Justice Department apparently has been made aware of the FPC's staff report. On April 21, Donald F. Turner, assistant attorney general in charge of the antitrust division, in reply to a request from Sen. Lee Metcalf (D., Mont.), announced that the department has been conducting "exploratory studies" of the power industry's

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possible exclusion of municipals and cooperatives from participation in new generation and transmission systems planned by the private companies. Mr. Turner did not mention New England specifically, but Senator Metcalf, who has recently pained the industry's leaders with his book, *Overcharge,* had referred to the situation in New England in his request for antitrust action.

The answer to New England's power problems is not simply a matter of choice between private and public power; government bureaucracy can be just as inefficient as private management. What is needed above all, whether it is private or public, is a regional power company, or at most two or three. If it must be private, a corresponding and effective regional regulatory agency and competing public projects must also be established.

The area is too small, its population too dense, its problems too common to deal with electricity on a state-by-state basis, or to allow it to remain exclusively a private business. The private companies claim that they are moving toward regionalization. They said that a decade and a half ago, and there has been little change. The private company executives are wrestling with their own egos; what president, even of a small, local power company, wants to become the district manager of a six-state monolith? In this sense, as in several others, it can be said that the private companies are not acting in the public interest because they are bound to laissez-faire capitalism, and that was proved obsolete before Edison set up his Pearl Street station.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 802)*

CIA. I immediately informed my English colleagues on *Encounter*. In the course of a long interview Mr. Lasky then admitted to Frank Kermode that he had been told in 1963 by a director of the Congress about the CIA backing, but that he had promised not to tell his colleagues. In these circumstances, Mr. Kermode and I resigned. Not only had confidence between colleagues been destroyed by the deception but Mr. Kermode, in particular, had been put in the position of threatening the *New Statesman* with a libel action if they published an article by Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, discussing the matter of CIA backing. Our resignations were accepted by the trustees of *Encounter,* and Mr. Lasky continues as editor. I should add that in view of the fact that I had been associated with *Encounter* since its beginning on terms which I would never have agreed to if I had known of them, and of which I was kept in ignorance, I would have resigned in any case, as I would at any time if and when I had known. My view, like that of Kermode, was that *Encounter* should, editorially, have a new start. I would not however consider that Kermode was involved in arrangements which had been altered long before he became editor, though most unfortunately he had in his ignorance been involved in the false statements about those arrangements.

I must count among the unfortunate results of the CIA affair not only that confidence is destroyed between colleagues but that one is open to the kind of attack made by Alexander Werth for having had confidence in colleagues. I still find it difficult to accept that it was reprehensible to believe the kind of assurances given to me by the Congress and the head of a foundation.

Stephen Spender

We feel that in this letter Mr. Spender has made proper amends for the somewhat threatening letter signed by him, Irving Kristol and Melvin Lasky and published in our issue of June 13, 1966. We cannot see, however, that anything in Mr. Spender's present account of events contradicts Alexander Werth's interpretation of them. Mr. Spender did in fact "soldier on in ignorance" and his failure to discover the facts, while credible, cannot fail to suggest a surprising innocence. *Editors*

plea for Captain Levy

Mesquite, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: Sunday, June 4, *The New York Times* carried a picture and article about Captain Howard Levy, on the front page where it belonged. He was being taken from the farcical thing they call a court-martial to begin his three-year sentence at hard labor. A colonel had hastily and eagerly put him in handcuffs, since, as always, the most hated and dangerous threat to the depravity of the majority in power are men of *moral* courage.

With a few alterations one might quote Henry Thoreau's "A Plea for Captain John Brown." Possibly this excerpt says enough: "We talk about a *representative* government, but what a monster of a government is that where the noblest faculties of the mind, and the *whole* heart, are not represented! . . . What shall we think of a government to which all the truly brave and just men in the land are enemies, standing between it and those whom it oppresses?" Captain Levy stood against the captors and oppressors of our sons and the Vietnamese people—the military and the government. I hope there are present-day Thoreaus to make their "Plea for Captain Howard Levy." *Mrs. Lee Dresh*

phoenix of Egypt

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: Exactly ten years prior to the day, June 1, 1967, on which the feuding Jordan and Egypt patched up their differences with a five-year defense pact, and Israel let it be known that it would "undergo every sacrifice" to reopen the blockaded Gulf of Aqaba, *The Nation* [June 1, 1957] treated the question "Is Nasser *Kaput*?" in an editorial as follows:

> Is President Nasser of Egypt finished, *kaput*? *The New York Times* thinks so. In an editorial the other day, it wrote, "The power of President Nasser as the dominating and domineering leader of the Arab nations has been broken." It went on to devote a column to offering thanks for his political demise.
>
> We hate to intrude in the *Times*' fun at Nasser's wake. But we don't like to see a reputable paper encourage public delusions. It's true that King Hussein's emergence as master of Jordan was a setback for Nasser. So, too, was the Baghdad meeting of Saud of Arabia and Feisal of Iraq. . . .
>
> Who really believes, however, that these Nasser reverses offset his historic triumph in the Suez conflict? One after another the United States, Britain and all other maritime nations—except, for the moment, France—have capitulated to little Egypt's terms. His victory is the more impressive when one matches the West's armed might and money against Egypt's military impotence and impoverishment.

If the "silent diplomacy" of the West—this time allegedly aiming at a total revision of its Mideast policy—fails to take a deep look into the record of its past misconceptions about Nasser's final intentions, then we may better brace ourselves against a rerun of the West's capitulation of a decade ago. *Karl Oskar Pisk*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'The Path and Not the Goal'

THE LITERATURE AND THOUGHT OF MODERN AFRICA. *By Claude Wauthier. Translated by Shirley Kay. Frederick A. Praeger. 323 pp. $8.*

NADINE GORDIMER
Miss Gordimer is a South African novelist. Her most recent book is The Late Bourgeois World *(Viking).*

To the English-speaking West, negritude is a politically aggressive attitude, or a term in the vocabulary of literary aesthetes—both associated with the black man's late-come celebration of his blackness. These are, so to speak, the gaps in our ignorance.

With the translation from the French of Claude Wauthier's *L'Afrique des Africains — Inventaire de la Negritude,* a vigorous mind burns up this morning haze like a dispassionate sun. The clear view is an enlightening one. Originality, in a work of this kind, lies in the author's ability to discern and present intelligibly a total concept where others have dealt (however well) with bits and pieces. Basil Davidson and Henri Lhote have rediscovered Africa historically, Janheinz Jahn has instated its philosophical and artistic conceptions, and Frantz Fanon has analyzed its psychology of submission and revolt. Cool and self-effacing in approach, M. Wauthier traces the essential relationship between these aspects of African culture and examines, through the works of more than 150 writers, the correspondence between the demand for national independence and a cultural revival that includes, along with the purely literary aspect of negritude, anthropology, history, law, theology and folklore.

He brings together in the context of evidence not only contemporary writers from French-, English- and Portuguese-speaking Africa, and French- and Spanish-speaking writers from the Caribbean but also the work—18th century and earlier—of the first African intellectuals writing in European languages, in whose thinking it is fascinating to recognize the present dilemmas of African intellectuals taking shape. Even without the interest of its thesis, this book might stand alone as a unique anthology of Negro thought and literature from Gustavus Vassa and such literary curiosities as Boilat, Panet, Holle, to Chinua Achebe, Peter Abrahams and Camara Laye, Sheik Anta Diop, Léopold Senghor and Sékou Touré. The Negro personality is approached neither as a *mystique* nor as a reaction to the white personality but as a positive human value—although, in "The New Desdemona," for example, a fascinating chapter on the treatment in Negro literature of black-white sexual taboos, Wauthier shows the extent to which that personality has been conditioned by the attitudes of the white world.

He points out that there is nothing new in nations aspiring to freedom seeking the affirmation of their original contribution to arts and letters. Inevitably, the first (1956) Congress of Negro Writers and Artists passed the resolution: "No nation without a culture. No culture without a past. No authentic cultural liberation without political liberation first." What is new is what he calls the "strange destiny" of Africa's intellectual elite—a tiny minority in a continent of the illiterate, educated "almost exclusively in the language of the colonial powers," "coming from the social class closest to the colonists" and yet playing a leading part in national independence movements. The contradictions inherent in this situation are studied mainly in the period from World War II, which gave the African urge to independence its final impetus, to the present day.

In the beginning, for Africa, there is the dilemma of the word. Although linguistic experts agree that African languages are as conceptually rich as any other, the fact remains that *written* language came to the continent only with the European, and modern education has come to the African through the medium of a European language. African intellectuals must express themselves in a foreign tongue, think in a foreign language, and face the problem of whether, however carefully one incorporates the traditional arts of the past, one can create in a European language a genuinely African culture.

In an outstanding chapter on politically committed literature, Wauthier presents the controversy over the value of negritude as a call to revolt and/or

COLLIOURE

The town laid in there
bright orange and pink
at the eastern edge
of the Pyrénées Orientales, is full of
refugees from a civil war
two generations back .

The cat in the middle of the street
resting at mid-day, faced with what
be referred to as a motorcar, is
not inclined to move . The street
too narrow for any alternative maneuver, he must
descend,
pick up the cat,
cradle and move it to a doorway,
then proceed .

Clouds skim the hills and the far scalloped
fish-shape of bay. The towers hang
on from 800 years — the flank, one
is a fortified church, and those boats
drawn up down there on the northeast beach

are used for something
every morning
early .

PAUL BLACKBURN

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he exaltation of Negro values, in particular through a comparison of the views of Ezekiel Mphahlele and Frantz Fanon—each of whom, the one under apartheid in South Africa, the other in the Algerian war, experienced brutal European domination. Both—for different reasons—denounce the exoticism they feel inherent in negritude. Mphahele asks, "Where do *we* come in—we (in South Africa) who are detribalised and are producing a proletarian art?" Fanon thinks that negritude is a necessary stage for the Negro of the colonies, engendering intellectual freedom from colonization, but believes that later "this historical obligation on the African cultural elite to speak more of an African than a national culture will lead them to a dead end." Both writers, as Negroes, have felt "in the real and blazing terrain of daily combat" that "an academic pilgrimage back to their Negro origins was less indispensable than efficiency in the fight and field of protest."

Yet if, as Wauthier shows, the ideological concept of negritude has served its most obvious function as the inspiration of political movements for independence, there remains its relevance to the fear that, as a price of entering the white man's world, the African personality, carried so perilously through slavery and colonial humiliation, may be lost. He suggests that negritude has a valid role in these post-colonial "Soldiers' Years" of the coup, in the cultural reinforcement of the foundations of the African personality, and thus by extension, of the political and social structures at which, with many setbacks, Africa is nonetheless aiming.

After a brilliantly disinterested survey of African nationalist objectives—independence, unity, neutrality, socialism—as revealed in the writings of the broadest possible spectrum of African intellectuals, he measures results against theoretical objectives. Knowledge and insight qualify him to question trenchantly: how real is African independence? Evidence emphasizes that factors of dependence characteristic of colonial times are still largely in operation. The disproportion between African needs and resources yawns wide. We are reminded (we surely cannot be too often) that Africa remains overwhelmingly a producer of raw materials, whose price in the world market has dropped, while the prices of industrial products, which she must buy, have risen steadily. Thus the great powers, ex-colonial or no, are still "sculpting the face" of Africa.

As for unity, colonial Balkanization—ironically "consecrated" by independent Africa in an effort to prevent fratricidal warfare, and also out of financial egoism—has given way to further fragmentation rather than cohesion. But some form of Pan-Africanism remains, for Africans, not merely an ideal but an economic necessity, if Africa is to get for herself not only steel mills but also full bellies. Apropos neutrality, the author points out the underdeveloped countries' anxiety about an alignment "quite other than that of capitalist against socialist regimes: namely, a split between their world and that of the other hemisphere, the white race and industrialisation." Between two worlds, the Third World fears to be left behind once again. As for socialism, to some form of which most African leaders feel themselves committed, writers from Fanon to Senghor suggest that "the social structure of African states does not seem to have been greatly modified." Which brings to mind the question, dealt with elsewhere in the book, of whether class warfare is valid for Africa, a continent with no industrial proletariat outside the Republic of South Africa.

Sartre sees negritude as "the low ebb in a dialectic progression . . . white supremacy is the thesis; negritude's role as an antithetical value is the negative stage. But this . . . will not satisfy the Negroes who are using it. . . . They know that they are aiming for human synthesis or fulfillment in a raceless society. Negritude is destined to destroy itself; it is the path and not the goal. . . ."

Maybe. Wauthier is concerned with interim objectives. Writing of negritude and the future, he says of the role of the second generation of African intelligentsia: "Unity is still to come. Neutrality has suffered many compromises. Socialism—in most cases—has yet to be built. . . . In these circumstances one might imagine that literature and scientific research would set their sights on completing the first conquests of emancipation, and that this would determine the literary themes and general direction of scientific research. . . . The cause of unity could be decisively upheld by the ethnologists who would uncover the common ground in the beliefs and institutions particular to each African tribe. Historians could also take up the work by drawing the military conquerors, empire-builders and outstanding figures of African history as the forerunners of a future United States of Africa. . . . One might expect Negro historical novels exalting the memory of the fight for independence." For the present, "an aggressive literature might be developed, criticising opportunism . . . and customs shackling economic development."

Of contemporary ideas, Gaëton Picon wrote: "To grasp the meaning of a human fact is to involve oneself in it and to find it in oneself." The real meaning of negritude is to be understood and evaluated at this level in this consummately informative and elegantly written book.

The Lowry/Aiken Symbiosis

RICHARD HAUER COSTA

Mr. Costa's critical biography of H. G. Wells has just been published by Twayne. He is spending this year at Purdue University on leave from Utica College of Syracuse University. He interviewed Conrad Aiken last Easter while completing research for a book on Malcolm Lowry.

Only on rare occasions in the decade since the death of Malcolm Lowry has his old friend, Conrad Aiken, written publicly of what he once called "the remarkable spiritual and aesthetic and psychological symbiosis" between himself and the man who was to write *Under the Volcano*. When a flurry of posthumous Lowry activity produced a volume of stories and the first American edition of the apprentice novel, *Ultramarine*, Aiken announced for readers of *Time* (June 16, 1961) what had long been known in literary circles. He disclosed that Hambo, the drunken wanderer—the youthful writer "so visibly . . . happily alight with genius"—in Aiken's surrealistic autobiography *Ushant* (1952) was a high-fidelity portrait of Malcolm Lowry.

Early this year, in response to a *Times Literary Supplement* leader on Cape's publication of *Selected Letters of Malcolm Lowry*, Aiken spoke out again (*Times Literary Supplement*, February 16). His letter, couched in characteristic good humor and punning (he writes of Lowry, his amanuensis, as a "tope-recorder"), must be read as a corrective to the expanding image of Malcolm Lowry as the architect of one of the tragic myths of the 20th century: that of the anti-heroic artist-addict, the forlorn Adam, the Consul of *Under the Volcano*, who chooses a spiritual barranca of uncontrolled dipsomania and unredeemed love.

Aiken's letter tells us that although *Under the Volcano* was not published until 1947, its essential drafts were written by Lowry in Cuernavaca, Mexico (Lowry changed the name to Quauhnahuac in the novel), where for two years,

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1936-38, he lived in alcoholic *extremis* and, in the process, *became* the dispossessed Consul, Geoffrey Firman. Like Proust's Marcel who found that "I myself seemed actually to have become the subject of my book," Lowry once wrote to Aiken: "I do not feel so much as if I am writing this book as if *I am myself being written.*"

What Aiken sees as a distortion in the current Lowry *mystique* is clear from this section of his letter:

> Well, I can imagine him roaring with laughter about all this in his Ripe young grave in Sussex, and in this I join him. For to have manufactured such a myth, and turned himself into it, was perhaps a feat of literary *trompe-l'oeil* without parallel. . . . And for Malcolm, it was all just a great joke, even with the tragedy thrown in, which incredibly turned itself into a great book, or a great melodrama. . . . And it *was* a great joke: his whole life was a joke: never was there a gayer Shakespearean jester. A fact that I think we must remember, when everyone is saying What Gloom, What Despair, What Riddles! Nonsense. . . .

But Aiken's view contains a subtle irony. If we tend to confuse Malcolm Lowry, the man who died an alcoholic's death at 47 in 1957, with Geoffrey Firman, whom Anthony Burgess recently called "a giant character whose sloth or accidie ironically suggests the Promethean rebel," the confusion between author and fictional persona stems from Lowry's subjective aesthetic. And Lowry learned that aesthetic—the ultra subjectivity of the flawed poet-turned-novelist—from his mentor, Aiken.

Lowry, through his double, Sigbjorn Wilderness in "Through the Panama," said the only literary work he had ever enjoyed with detachment was Aiken's long poem, "House of Dust." In the preface to that work, Aiken declares that his art is based on the theory that consciousness represents a goal; "that in the evolution of man's awareness, and in his dedication of himself to this supreme task, man possesses all that he could possibly require in the way of a religious credo. . . ."

Demarest in Aiken's *Blue Voyage* muses:

> What was this singular mechanism in him that wanted so deliberately, so consciously, to break itself? A strange, a rich, a deep personality he had—it baffled and fascinated him. Everybody of course, was like this—depth beyond depth, a universe chorally singing, incalculable, obeying tremendous laws, chemical or divine, of which it was able to give its own consciousness not the faintest inkling. . . . A universe that contained everything—all things—yet said only one word: "I."

The passage provides a perfect rendering of Aiken's obsession with consciousness. He is at all times an "I" writer. He neither could nor wished to separate his life from his work. Aiken told this writer with a pride undiminished by forty years that everyone in *Blue Voyage* was drawn from actual life, that everything happened as recorded. The pattern of *Blue Voyage*, as well as that of its successor, *Great Circle* (1933), is wholly autobiographical. Cather, in the latter novel, feels that "life is going to be good. Unexplored, unfathomable, marvellous and terrible. Filthy, and incalculable . . . the wonderful and acceptable nightmare!"

Malcolm Lowry, reading *Blue Voyage* at 19 while seeking a technique for his own first novel, was fascinated by the power of Demarest's self-analysis. The desire to see himself in Demarest's (Aiken's) image was irresistible.

The circumstances of their meeting are very well known and need only

ABOVE SEA LEVEL

Taking root on this abandoned peak, we
No longer remember how to fall from brightness,
No longer plunder the ocean's depth
Where all is pure violence. We have forgotton
Undersea landscapes, living new lives
Above sea level.
Tidal zones fall like towers
At the ocean's rim.
The sea divides itself into three realms:
The realm of the Shallow Seas, the Zone of Light,
And, beneath that, the end of the sea —
That secret and silent Zone of Perpetual Darkness. These
Zones are no longer our concern.
Slowly we came to this gentle place,
Walking past stones, trees,
Dry earth, shacks, layers of garbage,
And were stared at
By hill people. They dared us to take
Root in the earth, dared us to break
Like new flowers without stalks. They saw us
Ascending.

Once water was basic to our life. We farmed the sea,
Hauling out food
From salinity. Mud, fish, the cold current
Gave us our lonely lives. Waves and the tides —
Starfish, scallops, wild floating colonies
Of sea-grapes, crabs, mussels, sea-pork,
Rockweeds and shells sharp as razors
Gave us our living.
Now we no longer dream of sea-palms,
Our memories have burned out sharks —
The feeding frenzy of killers.
We have ascended through sea weather
To the top of this mountain. Here grass
Blows in green waves,
Light falls on our mouths like rain, and
Nets of white clouds tighten around our lives. We
Are free of the extremity of the sea! Free
To live with our calm Self-Nature. Now —
Farewell to bleeding whales,
Oil bearing targets for whaler's harpoons.
Our net is tightened. If we leave now
It is not for the sea — but for the endless path
That will raise us even higher
Above sea level.

SANDRA HOCHMAN

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be sketched here. Lowry's first letter to Aiken begins: "I have lived only nineteen years and all of them more or less badly. . . ." He quotes from "House of Dust" and within a few months a transatlantic correspondence is under full steam. Lowry begs, even tries to bribe, the 40-year-old poet to take the beginner into his household in the "other" Cambridge. In the summer of 1929, before going up to Cambridge, Lowry set sail for Boston by way of the West Indies. He arrived on Aiken's doorstep with a battered suitcase containing an exercise book in which were notes for *Ultramarine,* the projected novel of his sea experiences. "The fact is," Aiken recalled nearly twenty-five years later, "that we were uncannily alike in almost everything, found instantly that we spoke the same language, were astonishingly *en rapport*; and it was therefore the most natural thing in the world that a year later, when difficulties arose between him and his father, I was able to act as mediator . . . and . . . for the next three years, *in loco parentis,* I became his father."

From "that wonderful summer" of 1929, the relationship deepened. In time it grew into a parasitism in which each took turns being starfish to the other's oyster. "Every angle of it had been studied in mirrors," Aiken writes in *Ushant,* "each of them with an eye . . . to making use of it first." Lowry often broached the darker side—the possibility that the "son" would eventually destroy the "father"—but misgivings were dispelled by the invariable good humor of each. In the early 1930s, the Aikens moved back to Rye, within throwing distance of Henry James's old quarters, and Lowry moved in with them during vacations from Cambridge. The exercise book expanded into *Ultramarine.* The novel was published in 1933 to little acclaim but Aiken's, whose ardor was less a critic's than a midwife's. *Ultramarine* was a lesser and later twin to *Blue Voyage*; its title was a play on Aiken's, although the mentor had originally suggested *Purple Passage.*

In an undated and unpublished letter, which I discovered in the Lowry Special Collection at the University of British Columbia, Lowry makes one of his many apologetic gestures for drawing so freely from Aiken's material:

> . . . I must try to find some mitigating factor in its being parasitic on *Blue Voyage.* . . . It has given me for a time a dominant principle. . . . *Blue Voyage,* apart from being the best non-secular statement of the plight of the creative artist with the courage to live in the modern world, has become part of my consciousness, & I cannot conceive of any other way in which *Ultramarine* might be written. . . . Nevertheless, I have sat & read my blasted book with increasing misery: with a misery of such intensity that I believe myself sometimes to be dispossessed, a spectre of your own discarded ideas, whose only claim to originality exists in those ideas. . . .

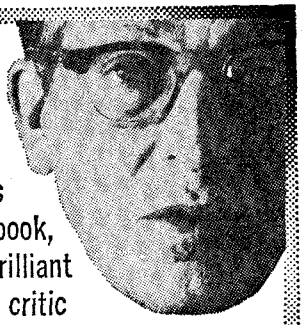
"Malc had this way of being admiringly predatory in the using of other men's writings and contrite about it at the same time," Aiken told this writer. The late Conrad Knickerbocker, who did not live to complete Lowry's biography, learned that Lowry, under narcohypnosis, once told a London psychiatrist that he wished to remain obscure so that his plagiarisms would not be discovered. Aiken feels that *Ultramarine*'s debt to *Blue Voyage* could best be proved by feeding both into an IBM computer. However, Aiken's own productivity flourished during the Lowry years of 1929-34, when he wrote the long poems "John Deth," "The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones" (the poem anxiously but futilely awaited by Joyce during the last weeks of his life), "Preludes for Memnon"; the novel, *Great Circle,* the one work of fiction kept by Freud on the bookshelf in his reception room; and a story collection, *Among the Lost People.*

Lowry, meantime, after his graduation from Cambridge with 3rd class honors in the English tripos, and after the publication of *Ultramarine,* bummed about London and Paris for a year (this phase is described by Charlotte Haldane with admirable fidelity in her novel, *I Bring Not Peace*). He married his first wife in Paris (Aiken had introduced them, and the triangle assumes a sinister aspect in *Ushant*), rejoined her later in New York, and went with her at the end of November, 1936, to Mexico, where *Under the Volcano* was begun and his marriage went desperately to pieces.

The reunion in Cuernavaca in 1937 of Aiken and Lowry provided Aiken with the material for the powerful ending of *Ushant.* He regards this autobiographical narrative as the culmination of a statement on art and the artist which he began with *Blue Voyage* twenty-five years earlier, and the episodes dealing with D. and Hambo—that is, with Aiken and Lowry—provide a candid insight into the maelstrom union of coeval geniuses. Hambo's drunken words promise the fulfillment of a kind of reciprocal murderer's pact. ". . . Now it was my turn to kill you."

Hambo points to his wife Nita as the instrument of death, both wound and weapon: "For of course we both knew that both of us were powerfully drawn to that open wound—you first, but with your own obligations to (your wife) . . . and therefore guiltily offering her up to me, but in effect proposing to share her . . . as foul a sort of voyeur's incest as any second-rate God could imagine." D. acknowledges his "visceral and feculent scheme" but defends it as humane, for the marriage might "stop your drinking. Pull you together. Take you out of the endless chain of aguardientes, the daily round of cantinas, and the ultimate slobber of drunkenness in which you daily threatened to kill me." They discuss Nita's infidelity, presumably an effect—or was it the cause? —of Hambo's drinking, and Hambo half threatens to kill D. with his own hands. "My dear Hambo, you *are* killing me," D. answers. Hambo asserts his dominance: "You no longer know your boundaries. You are a nation invaded. And as I'm younger, and as I'm stronger, in appetite, in will, in recklessness, in sense of direction, it will be no use your trying to compete with me . . . you will no longer have a personality of your own." As the scene ends, they drink to betrayal and death.

Lowry also exploited the mescal-inflamed talks in Cuernavaca. Near the end of *Under the Volcano,* just before the Consul flees his wife Yvonne and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half-brother Hugh for the cantina refuge that will lead to his death, he engages in an invective-laden conversation with Hugh which can be taken as the equivalent of the one in *Ushant*. Ostensibly, the argument is about communism, with the Consul lashing out at Hugh's "indoor Marxmanship" and at the futility of involvement in all those "people's revolutions" that were so much a part of the political climate of the thirties. But on another level, the debate is also between Geoffrey Firman and the embattled aspects of his psyche as represented by the fragments of his identity—by the artist *manqué*, by Hugh, by Yvonne, by Yvonne's French ex-film-director lover. Aiken tells us in his recent letter to the editor that the bitter exchange—one which proves to be the last confrontation of the Consul with his alter ego—was a verbatim report of an argument between Lowry and himself, with the positions reversed: what the Consul says, Aiken said.

It is not too much to suggest that the role of Conrad Aiken in Lowry's masterpiece goes beyond the pupil's free adaptation of the teacher's material—the William Blackstone alienation theme, for example, which Lowry took whole cloth after Aiken developed it during that first summer together, or the scores of Joycean puns ("hello—pussy—my—little—Priapusspuss, my—little—Oedipusspusspuss . . . my little Xicotancatl") which Aiken insists were first given utterance by himself. And the civilized, sensitive, idealistic figure of Geoffrey Firman—the archetypal Great Man invaded by addiction and a doleful period of history—is largely built on the artistic and spiritual conflict between Aiken and Lowry. Aiken's true subject in his novels is his own effort to live with the gargoyle disharmony between man's egotism and his unimportance; this effort takes the form of a search for consciousness in the void. Lowry seeks artistic and actual salvation in the unconscious, for it is the only refuge against, as he once put it in explaining why he drank, "the complete baffling sterility of existence as *sold* to you."

If, then, the Consul is the amalgam of conflicting forces represented by the death-seeking son burning in Moloch-Mexico and by the life-sustaining father, the novel and its tragic hero stand finally as a monument to the efficacy despite all the demons, of Lowry and Aiken's symbiosis. Reading Aiken's letters or chatting with him in his Savannah, Ga., apartment on the "Hambo theme," one feels the irony of the "literary accident" which permitted *Under the Volcano*, the novel Aiken had helped "coach" into being, to be spoken of in the same breath as *Ulysses*, a landmark behind whose shadow Aiken's own long fiction has been relegated.

But it is possible—and Aiken expresses confidence in it—that a major Aiken revival is under way. It may be too, that literary history will show Aiken as a major literary force, the discoverer of, and catalyst for, other talents. With the Lowry wave about to crest, Aiken must be given his full share of credit for the alchemizing of that almost comic Hambo figure into the creator of the Consul—a most convincing prototype of 20th-century man catapulting to hell.

NEWS

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Poetry / Drama in Harlem

SIDNEY BERNARD

Mr. Bernard is New York editor of Literary Times *and roving editor of* The Smith.

Intermediate School 201 in East Harlem is a new plant with an excellent auditorium and stage — a kind of reduced version of New York University's Loeb building with curving brick walls and wide-open sight lines. Physical shape aside, the school has been involved in an administration hassle from the start, Board of Education and parents having sharp differences on how it should be run.

In a recent Saturday evening visit to the school, where the New Heritage Repertory Theatre was offering an evening of Negro poetry *cum* dramatic readings, no whisper of the dispute was heard. (Prompting the thought: Art is where it's at; life trails behind.) Rather the opposite—for two hours the mood was strictly upbeat among the mixed audience of around 100, consisting of neighborhood parents and students, teachers from the school, and several Harlem actors, poets and dancers. The production had the umbrella title *Hip, Black and Angry*, and that too is where it's at.

Director Roger Furman, an energetic man who doubled in the lights booth, and who made a curtain plea for continued support of the Repertory's efforts, had arranged the readings in a series of quick-paced tableaux. The acting company of around a dozen made fast costume changes, from one piece to the next, and presented each poem with an eye (and ear) to its dramatic, or sardonic, or even political overtones. The result in sum was an evening of heightened theatre impact, most of which gave added urgency to the poems. Now and then, and perhaps inevitably, a particular piece seemed to be put across too crisply — and speedily — with the result that the poet's private mood would suffer from the meditative level of the printed page, to the more open and "showy" level of the theatrical. That some of this can be improved goes without saying — the company after all is underexposed, what with but four performances under its belt. (Another performance was scheduled for Friday, June 23.) And that poetry-into-drama is an alchemy that doesn't always "work," even given the best conditions, goes too without saying.

The opener was a short piece by LeRoi Jones—a kind of chanting rally cry with the company snake dancing off-stage, and through the audience, and back on stage again. Later came a five-part recital of a poem from Africa — with a proud motif of negritude in the lines, "I am a Negro/black as the depths of Africa. . . ." Emphasis was on the urban scene, and here the group did its best work, capturing in sharp focus the seesaw moods of the ghetto: love-despair-

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humor-anger. Most of the urban pieces were by Langston Hughes and Gwendolyn Brooks. Mr. Hughes's light, airy tone, and Miss Brooks's glints of poignancy and glossy wry commentary, were among the evening's chief pleasures.

Comic tour de force of the program was a piece called "Soul Food," a breezy jape on all the clichés of the black man's dietary weaknesses. The company recited the piece while doing a spoof of an 18th-century minuet — each of the three men and three women done up in elegant lacy frills and their movements as elegantly outrageous. "Thirty pounds of pigfeet,/*soul food*" one of them would mince; "Forty pounds of fatback,/*soul food,*" the partner would answer.

All in all, upward of a dozen poets were represented. Music from a sound track, and several weaved-in choreographic turns, gave the program a variety fullness. The performers were Emily Banks, John Byrd, Barbara Carter, Danielle Haynes; and Yusef Inman, Charles Jenkins, Janet Leader, Henry Miller, Ethel Parks, Doris Washington and Joseph Washington, Jr. An insert in the program read: "This performance is dedicated to the memory of Langston Hughes."

In answer to our query, Mr. Furman gave the Repertory's goal as "very quiet LeRoi Jones." He explained that last year's Black Arts Repertory (directed by Jones), with its emphasis on "hate Whitey," had met with resistance in Harlem. Furman said, "Our audiences resent the mother-epithet thing on stage. They want art. The other they can hear on street corners."

At the Dead Center

ANTI-POLITICS IN AMERICA. *By John H. Bunzel. Alfred A. Knopf. 301 pp. $6.95.*

HENRY S. KARIEL

Mr. Kariel is professor of political science at the University of Hawaii and the author, most recently, of The Promise of Politics *(Prentice-Hall).*

If democratic politics entails the active participation in the making of decisions by all affected interests, there are innumerable enclaves in America within which politics has no place. Within the decision-making centers of business corporations, labor unions, advertising agencies, military installations, mental hospitals, zoning commissions, boards of health, safety councils, universities and prisons, policies are made (and sometimes not made) by self-perpetuating elites free to ignore a whole range of conflicting interests. In and out of government, the powerful make (and sometimes veto) policy to accommodate one another; the organized, the articulate, and the influential distribute resources among themselves. This does not mean, of course, that they neglect the outsiders. The outsiders are in fact treated with considerable solicitude. Large strata on the periphery of American life are generously "administered"; the poor, the aged, the sick — and also consumers, students, small businessmen, prisoners, migratory workers, TV viewers and highway users. The pace and direction and boundaries of their lives are fixed by insiders who, behind partially closed doors, make public policy. Concerned with political stability and economic growth, the insiders decide on matters of war, manpower, transportation, housing, health, research, prices, wages and recreation.

To be sure, there is no sharp dividing line between the actors within our establishments and the nonactors outside. The outside shades gently into the inside, and boundaries are not clearly drawn. Yet however much the notion that we are two nations caricatures reality, we know that at one pole of our public life, men are privileged to engage in politics and at the other, men are deprived of the opportunity to experience its rewards.

There is of course widespread acquiescence in this state of affairs. After all, our polity is commendably stable, scarcely ruffled even by Presidential assassination. Moreover, it does provide a surfeit of goods, and we seem determined to distribute them even among the least privileged. Our delimited politics as well as our national consensus are thus quite easy to understand. Nor is it surprising that social scientists such as Bernard Berelson, Seymour Lipset, Robert Dahl, Lester Milbrath and others have helped reinforce it, maintaining that the present arena of politics is ample enough, that the existing level of participation is healthy, that more would be unstabilizing. This soothing academic rationalization is one expression of anti-politics in America.

Now John H. Bunzel, a much respected professor of political science at San Francisco State, has written a book which deals with what he calls America's "anti-political temper and its distortions of the democratic process." But he questions neither the prevailing structure of politics nor its apologists in the universities. Without making the point explicit, he assumes the United States to be the very model of a successful democratic society.

Committed to what is—what is well established, stable, mature and productive—he readily identifies as "anti-political" those social movements and academic analyses which depart from dead center. The margin, he knows, is irrational. Right or Left, pacifist or activist, America's fringe movements fail to avail themselves of the conventional channels of politics. Given the health of the Center, which the author takes for granted, the margin is sick. This does not mean he is intolerant: as he condescendingly notes, the extremists have their value, especially since they help make things more lively at the center.

From Bunzel's point of view, it is impossible to perceive the distracted, bewildered individuals at the margin who are effectively frustrated by the prevailing pseudo-politics. Nor does his perspective allow him to see that in their disorganized way, they have in fact been acting politically, testing the American reality, trying to inject politics into it, seeking themselves to become visible and achieve recognition. But so far, their experiments—demonstrations, "gestures," marches, boycotts—have merely disclosed that the opportunity to share in political power remains unequal. What Mr. Bunzel's book ignores is that the policies some of them advocate (when they succeed in being articulate at all) may be aimed at enlarging the political arena. Though uncouth, unwashed, and unfamiliar with Robert's Rules, might they not be attempting to crash into the enclaves within which

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public decisions are privately made?

Mr. Bunzel's indiscriminate indictment of all marginal groups, his failure to distinguish between movements which aim to rehabilitate politics and those which seek to destroy it, helps rationalize our arrested political development. In carefully describing the outbursts and fanaticism of Populists, Quakers, "intellectuals," Birchers and pacifists, he remains "objective," "balanced" and "realistic," at least as these terms would be defined by those who find their nourishment at the center. But insofar as he perceives only what is manifestly present, patronizing America's repressed and oppressed impulses, what his realism masks is an unexamined genteel conservatism.

Such a position, it should be added without irony, has its charm, as Bunzel's style makes clear. Not for him the gritty jargon and baroque tautologies of his colleagues. Where they might ask for rigorous argument, he remains casual and relaxed, as often as not reconstructing a conversation or inserting a personal anecdote. He disarmingly says his book is not for the specialist, and he is right. For it is unrestrained, by the current scientific method, which he asserts to be elitist because it can "only be taught to and understood by a limited few."

Thus, Bunzel has written simply for his students. But if, perhaps merely out of respect for himself, he had raised his sights, introduced some scientific rigor, and written truly for himself (and thereby for his equals), he might also have succeeded in engaging the concerned nonspecialist. In this he fails, yet not without redeeming his failure by contributing to the ideology of contemporary America. Because he likes it he permits us to see that domestic balance of power which has been put into jeopardy by scholars such as E. E. Schattschneider, Norman Jacobson, Grant McConnell, Peter Bachrach, Joseph Tussman, Christian Bay and Theodore Lowi. Moreover, his work has unintentionally provided a view of the popular, vigorous teacher at work, exciting on the surface, complacent below, undoubtedly successful in making the classroom a lively place in which to adjust students to American public life as it is—not as it might yet be brought into being.

Eye of the Innocent

ABOUT US. *By Chester Aaron. McGraw-Hill. 239 pp. $5.50.*

DONALD FANGER

The author of Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism *(Harvard University Press), Mr. Fanger teaches Slavic and comparative literature at Stanford University.*

This is a beautiful and original book, thirteen stories that turn gradually into a novel, lyrical without mushiness and tough without posing, full of a truth that cannot be abstracted from the words that carry it.

About Us therefore invites misrepresentation. Among the things that could and probably will be said are that it is touching, funny, full of memorable characters and incidents. Worse yet, it is (God help us) not just about a Jewish family; it is about boyhood, about depression and war, about a Pennsylvania mining town. Aaron could hardly have chosen a moment likelier to produce a sensation of *déjà vu* from the briefest glance at his work.

A look at the table of contents, however, gives a clue to the saving grace at work here. These chapters, each representing a year in the narrator's life, all parallel the form of the title; that is, they are about individuals, each one a self-contained scenario. There is no risk of epic tedium because the emphases are constantly changing, along with tone and the story form itself.

This is why summary falsifies. As a novel, *About Us* tells of the disintegration of a family, recording the scarcely perceptible stages through a pure present tense that becomes gradually complicated with a past and with intimations of a future. In each chapter, the present itself measures change against the present of previous stories and previous years. Each chapter re-creates the awareness of Benny Kahn, the youngest son, favorite of the family and of fate, from his eighth through his twentieth year.

In this way naturalistic gloom is successfully avoided. Benny's is the innocent narrative eye (innocent in the sense that Huck Finn's is, that is) free of the parents' dogmas and anxieties, and free of his siblings' knowledge, involvement and responsibility. As one reads, the main lines of the novel's progress are no more than shadows on the periphery of the stories that make it up. In the wonderful "About Rachel," for instance, the death of the tender teen-age sister from a clumsy abortion takes hardly a paragraph to record. In retrospect, it marks the beginning of the family's decline, the first of a series of tragedies and reversals. Yet the center of attention is a bum who calls himself Texas Jack, says he has worked as a movie cowboy, and appears to the 12-year-old Benny and his friends like a god out of a boxcar. He has played with Lupe Velez in *Ace of Spades*—"that's the one they never let kids in to see"; maybe he shouldn't tell them what it's about.

> We plead. We all but get down on our knees. Goose promises to bring him home-made cookies the following day and I promise to steal him a pack of Lucky Strikes.
>
> "Well," Texas Jack says, "it's about this. . . ." He pauses and sucks some food out of a tooth. He rolls a cigarette. "It's about this whore. And I'll tell you boys, there ain't a man in this great country who knows more about whores than me."
>
> My throat is parched. It feels like a million ants are crawling around inside my lower abdomen. Roman's head is drooping over the edge of the top bunk, his flat face upside down. Goose sits absolutely still, his finger stopped halfway to his nose.

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Texas Jack's voyeurism makes Benny the accidental witness of his sister's death at the end of the chapter, but this is something he cannot understand at the time. His eye is for adventure, and it is marvelously fresh and acute.

Not since the early Hemingway have we seen writing that can convey with such lyrical economy and immediacy the feeling of the woods, the sense of beauty and love — all of it shot through with humor — that we find in the section "About Poppa," which serves in the larger scheme of the book to represent the family in its palmiest days, the father in his prime, the time just before the fall. This freshness is a consistent feature of the novel and explains what may be its major achievement, the provision of delight on acceptable terms. Delight is in the truth and honesty—which is to say in the sensitivity and discipline—of the writing. Only because of this is it worth noting the complex themes that underlie the surface simplicity, and pointing out that *About Us* manages to be simultaneously a chronicle of small-town boyhood in the thirties, a study of one version of the Jewish immigrant's fate in America, and the social history of a town.

There are flaws. Some editor should surely have caught the anachronistic references to Nazi crematoria and gasoline rationing in 1940. And a tendentious note does appear from time to time in discussions of religious and philosophical questions. Brother Reuben, whose victory over the corrupt town commissioners makes one of the best chapters, turns up later, in the key title story, as a cliché-ridden *raisonneur* whose style, an apparently unconscious parody of the narrator's, gives us one awful glimpse of the depressing novel this might have been. Even Benny, the narrator, blurs toward the end, making it clear that this is not quite a *Bildungsroman*. We have a clear sense of him as a child—but who is the man piecing together this picture? With no hint as to how he has turned out, a last perspective is missing.

One could go on carping, just as one could—and for a considerably longer time—go on praising this book. As it stands, it is a remarkable first novel, able in its authenticity to bear comparision with the best of its kind.

Michael Goldman, Poetry Editor, will be on leave until September 15. During that time no poetry will be considered for publication; we shall welcome submissions again in the early fall.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

"The Yale School of Drama presents ROBERT LOWELL's adaptation of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*," read the program, and the billing was apt. The adaptation is a very free one—"Half my lines are not in the original," says Mr. Lowell in a program note—and the play belongs really to the American poet-playwright, not to his Athenian forerunner.

For quite some time, Mr. Lowell has been interested in reworking, for his own modern purposes, material bequeathed to him (and, of course, to all of us) by writers of past ages. Concurrently, he has been feeling the peculiar fascination that the theatre has traditionally exercised over poets. These two tendencies Lowell expressed simultaneously some years ago in a trilogy of one-act plays, based on stories by Hawthorne and Melville, and entitled (with all kinds of ironies) *The Old Glory*. Two-thirds of this trilogy was produced in 1964 at the American Place Theatre in New York, and one play, a dramatization of Melville's novella, *Benito Cereno*, found wide favor.

Its particular champion was Robert Brustein, then as now the drama critic for *The New Republic*, who after several seasons as the Jeremiah of Broadway, was casting about for possible messiahs.

> The social-psychological theatre of the thirties, which culminated in the Actors Studio and Lincoln Center [then under the management of Robert Whitehead and Elia Kazan], has now proved itself utterly incompetent to deal with a serious work of the imagination, or anything other than Broadway and Hollywood commodities. And the American theatre will never find itself again until all these outmoded methods and limited versions have been swept away.
>
> Just such a renewal seems to be occurring now at the American Place Theatre where Robert Lowell's *The Old Glory* is currently enjoying an inspired production by Jonathan Miller.

Mr. Brustein subsequently became Dean Brustein of the Yale School of Drama, and he seems to have interpreted his appointment as a mandate to do whatever he could to bring about the theatrical revolution he had been preaching. Thus *Prometheus Bound*, directed by Jonathan Miller, as the culmination of Brustein's first year of deanship.

All this represents, I believe, no ignoble disposition on Brustein's part. It would have been easy for him to go on as he had done, holding his nose at the top of his voice: he was good at it (as indeed he still is); in fact he was becoming famous for it. (And God knows, there was—and is—a need for it.) Brustein had his function as denunciator neatly and successfully marked out; it took courage, therefore, for him to go out on a limb with some positive assertions as well, and to be willing to use his new resources to turn assertion

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into action. I would only object that in his writing at least, he is sometimes somewhat premature, somewhat prone to confuse an isolated stimulus to his hopes with the beginning of their total realization. Genuine revolutions, however necessary, however eagerly desired, are hard to come by.

Prometheus Bound did not strike me as a very long step toward Brustein's Third Theatre, which is to combine reality and joy. The play is marked from end to end by Lowell's fineness of mind; it has a peculiar purity about it; it has dignity without pretentiousness; it has moments of great eloquence. And what a pleasure it was to meet in the theatre (of all places) a modern American writer who can be absolutely depended upon never to lapse into cliché. The play was given admirable and lavish production (financed in part by a U.S. Government grant). Yet it did not, as we say, "work."

Prometheus, of course, is the archetypal rebel, maintaining a posture of splendid defiance, asserting the primacy of the individual against the system. As such, he has frequently been reincarnated by modern dramatists—by that dwindling band of modern dramatists, at least, who keep hold of their Romantic heritage, and refuse to concede that significant action is impossible. In our century, Bernard Shaw, T. S. Eliot, Arthur Miller and Robert Bolt have all created Promethean heroes. Usually Promethean drama resolves itself into a rousing paean to the heroism of the martyr for conscience's sake. The current Prometheus has his moments of splendid defiance (hard-bitten in their irony, never pompous or smug), but on the whole Lowell seems interested in something else. What? I find it hard to say (although some clue may be afforded by the fact that around the Drama School they referred to the play as *Waiting for Prometheus*).

The new *Prometheus Bound,* like the original, lacks dramatic thrust, progression, suspense—in a word, plot. At the beginning of the play Prometheus gets fastened to a rock; he receives several visitors; long speeches are delivered back and forth; at the end a new punishment begins. I do not maintain that every play should keep us diverted with plenty of plot; but plot is the strongest kind of through-line a play can have, and the dramatist who dispenses with it had better provide us with plenty else to hold onto. The static dramaturgy inherited from Aeschylus makes it particularly unfortunate that at a first hearing of *Prometheus Bound,* it was often difficult to make sense of what Lowell's characters were saying.

There were moments when the writing was economical and precise. An old man (an old god, literally speaking, but all Lowell's characters function as men), who has sold out to the tyrant Zeus, says: "I have grown old and carefree by learning how to give in." Prometheus himself says of Zeus: "Suppose he is powerless to pardon, and only almighty in his ability to inflict pain"—which may or may not be a reference to the escalation of the war in Vietnam. (In the early part of the play several references to Zeus made him sound like President Johnson. "No contemporary statesman is parodied," Lowell insists. "Yet I think my own concerns and worries and those of the times seep in." And the President is well known to be one of Lowell's concerns and worries.)

But there was something peculiarly evanescent about large parts of the play. I found myself at many points wanting to stop the action (or rather, the talk) and say, "Can we have that again?" Enlightenment—some idea of how the speech currently being spoken related to the rest of the play—usually seemed just around the corner, but there, for the most part, it stayed.

I am tempted therefore to dismiss Lowell's play as closet drama—but I wonder if any play completely without theatrical value could have given rise to so beautiful a production *Prometheus Bound* received unc Jonathan Miller's direction at Yale.

In Miller's program note he sa "There is a ghastly piety about m productions of the Greek drama . . . empty classicism which reflects schola respect more than any direct engageme of the imaginative sensibility." We know what he means: a lot of actors white nighties posturing before a tem front. Miller has reformed this altogeth "setting the play in a shattered seve teenth-century castle-keep," with stain and dusty costumes that would not out of place in a production of *Moth Courage.* Setting and costumes were d signed by Michael Annals, who teach scene design at the Drama School, a the lighting was by Phil Dixson, a st dent; their work looked magnificent. T set seemed to extend up to infinity, ar down almost as far; its detailing w copious, yet its outlines strong; as t lighting changed, it constantly took c new fascinations. And, majestic as was, it seemed in accord with Lowel evident intention of making Prometheı a human hero, not a demigod.

Prometheus himself was played bri liantly by Kenneth Haigh, who create the role of Jimmy Porter in *Look Bac in Anger.* Since then, he has nev quite won the recognition his talen deserve. (With his gift for irony, ar his air of virile intelligence, why ha we never seen him play Hamlet?) H Prometheus was a stocky, tousle-haire unpretentious fellow, with a kind of bi ter zest to him, nonetheless a hero fc being at the same time a *Mensch.*

Irene Worth was splendid as Io, pers cuted by Hera for having been loved b Zeus. The Drama School's two reside professional actors were both highly e fective in smaller parts: David Hur as Ocean (a sleazy time server in th Zeus administration), and Ron Leibma as Hermes (a braying thug). Indeed a the acting was admirable; nowhere i this country, I dare say, could the pla have been better done.

Some of Miller's ideas were ques tionable, but throughout the productio there was the sense of an audacious ye responsible mind, and a skilled hand, a work. But Miller, for all his talents, wa unable to make Lowell's *Prometheu* viable for the theatre (I doubt if any body could), and so the event as a whol must be called a failure. But it was a stimulating failure, a vigorous, serious intelligent failure—just the sort of failure that a drama school ought to have Theatre people often sound self-indul gent when they talk about "the right tc fail." A production such as this one justifies that right.

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